

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE HERONS.<sup>1</sup>

### CHAPTER I.

#### A MEETING.

THE soft perfumed dusk of a summer night hung over a wild hilly country, and veiled its bold outlines without altogether hiding them. It had been raining nearly all the day, though it had now ceased, and the deep narrow clefts between the hills were full of mist, faintly reflecting a pale gleam of light that must have been somewhere in the sky but was nowhere apparent when the eye sought for it. This is hardly perhaps a favourable moment in which to be introduced to a new neighbourhood; but even Fancy cannot always choose her time for these aerial excursions. It was towards midnight on the fifteenth of July, and the tiny crescent moon had set behind the clouds that had hidden her light from her first rising, when the unchanging, everlasting hills lent themselves as a background for the opening scene of the story I have now to tell.

And indeed (though none but an Irishman could call this a favourable light in which to view the country) these bare hills are not least imposing in their mantle of soft half-darkness. They are long ridges, all much of the same character, and have a kind of resemblance to huge couchant beasts, with heads all turned one way, as if waiting for their prey. Other nar-

rower dales there are at right angles to the deep vales that lie between them; rifts and gullies, choked with wood, that might answer to cuts and scars suffered by the earth-monsters in some primeval war. But for the time all these were veiled by darkness; only the bold rounded outlines could be seen above the mist, with here and there a patch of woodland black against the gray hillside.

At such an hour and in such a place one might well expect no living creature to be stirring, except the birds and beasts of night going stealthily as usual about their own affairs. But along a field-path, that crossed the bare ridge of the hill at its highest point, a solitary figure was leisurely sauntering, as if the way was so familiar that the foot kept it by instinct.

The path was but faintly marked at any time, and in the darkness the narrow stile to which it led could hardly have been visible at two yards' distance; but the wanderer reached it, passed over it without an instant's hesitation, and plunged into the black shadows of the little wood that lay beyond it with all the boldness of perfect knowledge.

The wood was but a mere belt, and when he came out at the other side of it the faint gray glimmer of earth and sky was just enough to partly show what manner of man this was who

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timed a summer stroll so strangely. A young man he seemed, tall and slender, with a light springing step and an easy upright carriage that in the present state of society is commonly held to indicate a member of one of the comparatively unburdened classes. His features were of course indistinguishable, except that one might judge from the contour of head and throat that they would be marked, spare, and probably somewhat aquiline. As he walked on, his head was sometimes bent as if in deep thought, but every now and then tossed back impatiently as if the thought was unwelcome or wearisome. And though he never came altogether to a standstill he lingered occasionally, looking over his shoulder towards the more open country at the foot of the hills, whose far horizon was faintly outlined by a dull red glow which he knew to be the furnace fires of a great manufacturing city.

His feet might be carrying him homewards almost without his knowledge, but he was plainly in no haste to reach his goal; though up the hill-side on the soft night-breeze came the sound of a clock striking eleven, with the strangely solemn sound belonging to these church clocks which count the hours of the living on the same bell that tolls for the dead. The tower where that bell hung, and the houses of the village clustered round it, were not far off as the crow flies; but between them and the bare brow of the hill lay a deep wooded gully, with a little brawling stream at the bottom of it, whose recesses a stranger would have thought twice about exploring even in the broadest daylight. Still the young man went on. He swung himself down the narrow precipitous path, crossed the brook at a bound, and pushed his way up the other side, taking with much equanimity the fragrant shower-bath that the dense hawthorn and dog-rose thickets bestowed on him as he passed; and so

came out presently into the road that led to the village and through it into the wide world beyond. Just outside the village stood what was evidently the Squire's house, its great garden gates opening directly upon the quiet high-road, with somewhat of an air of taking possession of it, as if the king's highway (at least this particular ramification of it) existed solely for the convenience of one family. Through the openings of the carved wooden doors could be seen the front of the house at no great distance, all the details of its architecture lost in the dimness, like the details of the surrounding scenery; but with three broad squat gables black against the pale night-sky, and even the mullioned Tudor windows faintly indicated by their white casements.

The young man had reached his home, but the fact, when he realised it, did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction. He stood with his hand upon the half-open gate, scrutinising the front of the house with a careful eye, then softly closed the gate again and went on down the village street.

Village—street; neither word conveys the impression of anything belonging to this little old-world place, so fast asleep among its hills, sheltered by them, yet high upon their bosom, out of hearing of the busy world. Complete in itself it was, and isolated like some tiny medieval town; but it had never been large enough to call itself a town, even in the days of that busier tide of life that had long since retreated to leave it stranded in peaceful loneliness. The little stone houses, huddled close against one another, had nothing of the model village; but from their tiny gardens came the rich summer scent of honeysuckle and roses and tall Madonna lilies; and in their midst a spring of pure water splashed and trickled into a stone trough by the wayside. Tall trees overhung the low wall of the churchyard, making a deeper darkness in the dark silent

street. The young man paused beneath them by the closed lych-gate, then crossed a stile that stood beside it and passed up the paved pathway between the graves, feeling his way rather than seeing it to where two great altar tombs stood in a corner beneath the tower.

The night-breeze whispered through the long grass and tall white daisies that clothed the humbler graves around, and the sigh in the heavy branches of the sycamores was like the distant voice of the sea; but neither these nor the tick of the clock close by seemed to break the utter stillness.

The whim that had brought the young man to this place was strong enough to keep him there for the moment. He sat down upon a corner of one of the stones, swinging his foot and looking up at the wall above him, upon which a tablet or two could just be distinguished by an eye that knew where to seek them. These memorials could have little personal connection with any one then living, since the latest was nearly two hundred years old. Whatever had brought him there to meditate among the tombs, it did not seem to be a tender sentiment, for after apparently studying the invisible inscription on the lozenge-shaped tablet above his head for some minutes he broke off with an impatient movement, and a half-laugh that sounded like self-mockery rather than amusement.

The laugh was too low to wake any echoes in that quiet nook; but he seemed to check himself and listen, sitting motionless for an instant with folded arms and down-bent head. There *was* a sound, other than the sigh of the wind and the swing of the heavy pendulum in the tower,—a foot-step passing along the village street, and lingering at the churchyard gate just as his own had lingered. In another moment the step crossed the stile and came slowly up the path towards the church.

At that hour, and in that almost

perfect stillness, there was something uncomfortable in the sound, as if the second comer were dogging the footsteps of the first. The young man listened for a moment intently, then sprang to his feet and walked briskly round the corner of the church. The step was not in the least like that of a drunken man, and he had lately seen the only public-house of the place apparently wrapped in peaceful and absolute repose. Nevertheless, and despite his own example, he did not really expect to encounter any one but some inebriated rustic who had mistaken his way home, and might need alike guidance and reprimand.

The new-comer was neither a rustic nor inebriated, and, what was more strange, he was, so far as the darkness permitted him to be seen, the exact counterpart of the man who stepped forward to meet him. Height, figure, and gesture, all were the same, as if he saw his own reflection in a pool of dark still water; only who was to say here which was the reflection and which the substance? If anything, the new-comer was a trifle the more substantial of the two, with just that additional maturity of figure that a few more years might give; but the difference was almost too slight to be perceptible. Men rarely see a likeness to themselves, at least in its full extent; but to any one looking on just then the effect might have seemed a little ghastly, as if here among the tombs, in this dim light and at this witching hour, the young man had met his double,—himself, as a few more years might make him!

For an instant both were silent, looking, or trying to look, one another in the face through the baffling veil that was rather want of light than darkness. Then the young man who considered himself at home spoke first, in a clear courteous tone. "Are you looking for any one, may I ask? Can I assist you in any way?"

Again, it was the very counterpart of his own voice that answered him. "Thank you. I can hardly say I

am looking for any one. I should not have expected to meet with any living person here and at this hour. Nor can I say that I have lost my way, having just at present no way to lose. I am staying in this neighbourhood, that is all; and, finding myself restless and not inclined for sleep, came out to explore in the dark."

"I beg your pardon. Good-night, then, and a pleasant walk."

The young man turned away, and was departing with a rapidity that seemed in accordance with the natural swiftness and lightness of all his movements. But the other followed him, speaking somewhat more hurriedly, and with a hardly veiled eagerness. "Stay one moment, please! Since I have so unexpectedly met some one here, if you are not pressed for time, I should be glad to ask you something."

The young man paused and turned again, but did not answer, as the speaker perhaps expected him to do.

"Excuse me," went on the other, after an instant; "I have been travelling all day, and walking nearly half of it. Shall we sit down for a moment? I will not detain you long."

He stepped inside the porch, the young man following him, and they sat down on one of the broad wooden benches, side by side.

"I am a stranger in this part of the world, but friends of mine used to live here, and I know some names connected with it very well. But first—I suppose I am right in believing this out-of-the-way little place to be Ernston?"

"We call it so."

"Ah! I thought the directions I received should have enabled me to find my way here, even in the dark. It seems even smaller than I had been led to expect."

"It is a small place, but not smaller than it used to be," answered the young man significantly.

The stranger seemed to find a little difficulty in framing his next question. "Pardon me," he said at last; "I am doubly in the dark, and in

these circumstances conversation is difficult. If, as I think, you belong to this part of the world, would you in the first place mind telling me your own name?"

"Not at all; my name is Heron."

"Ah! There was a Mr. Heron at the Hall here, I believe?"

"There is still. He is my father."

"I guessed as much. So you are—Cosmo."

He leaned slightly forward, as if trying to see a little more clearly, and the young man drew as much backward. There was a suspicion of amusement in his voice as he answered, "I am certainly Cosmo. If you will tell me the name of the friend from whom you have got so much information concerning these parts, we can talk more on equal terms."

"It is of no consequence. You are going to be good enough to answer me a few questions, and I shall ask none that you cannot easily answer. Is Mr. Heron well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"And Mr. Anderson? No changes at the Vicarage, I suppose?"

"None within the last twenty years. The Vicar is hale and hearty, and likely to reign over us in peace for many years to come."

"And Mrs. Heron? Does she still live at Pennithorne?"

"Yes."

The reply was very brief this time, but the speaker did not pursue the subject. He half sighed, and paused an instant. "I must not weary you by a string of questions. But the friend on whose behalf I am here would gladly know a little of local events and politics. Briefly, have there been any great events here of late?"

"Nothing I think that would be likely to interest your friend. Births, deaths, and marriages there may have been, but none in the circle of which he would know anything. Up here, tell him, people rarely die, and never grow old."



"What! Does time still go so slowly, then? Mr. Heron is well, you say? Is he changed at all?"

"In the last eight years! No; neither in mind nor in body, thank Heaven."

Something in the speech, perhaps the word *eight*, made the other start. But he went on with his inquiries in a musing, retrospective tone. "Let me see! My friend told me that the old Squire had a niece with him; I was to inquire after her. I suppose she will be nearly grown up by this time?"

"Quite grown up, we will hope, considering that she is to be married to-morrow."

"Married! Nonsense! Why, she was quite a child when— And who may be the happy man?"

"Miss Heron is over twenty, if one may be allowed to speak with certainty as to a lady's age; and she is going to marry Mr. James Brotherton."

"Ah, Jem Brotherton! And is he going to take her home to live with that grim old father and mother of his?"

"No. John Brotherton of Ashurst is dead two years since, and James his son reigns in his stead."

"And so he takes to himself a wife!—and you two will be left alone at the Edge. Do you— Is anything ever heard of Mr. Heron's eldest son?"

"Nothing, as of course you know very well."

The words were so full of quiet significance that the questioner started with a half-uttered exclamation, then checked himself, as if in the hope that even now a little presence of mind might avail him. "You overrate the amount of my information. My friend has indeed told me a good deal, but—"

"Really, Edmund," said the younger man very quietly, "you have played your part so very badly throughout that you may spare your friend the trouble of any further appearance."

"Why, Cosmo!" cried the other, in amazement. "How did you come to guess?"

"How could I fail to guess, you mean! I was not a child when you went away."

"You were little more. It is eight years since I went, and we saw little enough of one another for some time before. And in the darkness, too, I thought I was safe enough."

"Did you mean to go away, then, without making yourself known to me? If so, you should have managed better. Why, when you stepped into this dark porch in the certainty of finding a seat here, you made it plain enough that you were no stranger to the place. That made me suspect, and every word after that only made me more certain."

"You were always a bright boy, Cosmo, and I am pleased to see that you have not belied the promise of your youth. I don't know whether I meant to reveal myself or not. It depended on what I should be able to elicit from you, I think. I wonder what you have been brought up to think of me?"

"Nothing at all. No one has spoken of you, here or at Pennithorne."

"Then I have been forgotten, I suppose—even by you?"

"That I did not say. I could think of you, and did think of you, without being reminded."

"Then I wonder— I wish it were not so dark! I should like to see what sort of fellow you have grown into."

The young man put his hand in his pocket, drew out a box of matches, and struck one. In the shelter of the porch the tiny waxen taper burned steadily enough, and showed the two faces bent eagerly towards each other, each watching the other with the same expression of curious inquiry, almost of anxiety. At any other time the likeness between them might hardly have been so marked, since it consisted rather in figure and carriage than in feature or expression; but it

was wonderfully strong just then, so strong that each seemed to see his own face, with a difference. Neither said a word, until the end of the match must have been burning Cosmo Heron's fingers, and then he flung it on the ground, and for a moment after the pale gray of the summer night seemed black as Egypt all about them. Edmund Heron broke into a little laugh, as men do when a mingling of emotions, chiefly painful, defies ordinary expression. "You are just what you used to be," he said. "And yet, I suppose no one has ever told you how like you have grown to me? I hope you will make a better business of life than I have done so far."

"No one has ever spoken of the likeness, but I have seen it myself sometimes. I have seen it in my father's eyes when he has been looking at me, though he has never spoken your name."

"How bitter he must be against me still! And you—I wish that match had burned a little longer, that I might have read in your face whether you were glad or sorry to see me again."

"I can strike another, if you like," said Cosmo, in the same curiously imperturbable fashion in which he had spoken throughout. But after a moment he went on with a sudden change of tone. "If you could tell so much by looking at me, you would know more than I do myself. I remember you well enough. I remember, that is, that you were always very kind to me when I was a troublesome child, and that I was very sorry when I came home from school and found that I need not expect to meet you in the holidays any more. But I have always been with my father. I have every reason to take his side. He has never told me why you went away, or why your name is not to be mentioned; but a fellow does not come to my age without knowing that there must be some reason, and wondering what the reason may be."

"You are right; there is a reason,"

answered the elder brother soberly. "It is a much simpler reason than you perhaps think, and yet one that would take too long to tell you now. Perhaps you had better never know it."

"I should prefer to know it. And surely, in the circumstances, I have the right."

"Perhaps. Now, listen; I did not come here with any idea of seeking a reconciliation with my father, or even of a meeting with you. I only wanted to see the old place and to hear for myself how things were going. At the last I was afraid of being recognised, and so thought it better to come over from High Cross and feel my way about the familiar places, and make my inquiries afterwards at a little distance. Only, when you came upon me and I guessed who you were, I was tempted to learn more than a stranger could tell me."

"And so were recognised, almost instantly. In justice to yourself you ought now to let me hear your version of the story, so that, if my father should at any time think well to tell me his, I should at least know the other side. I know of course that he has his prejudices like the rest of us, and may have been mistaken; and if any one can make peace between you it might be my place to try."

"It might. And I might tell my story to you, though not to any one else. But,—it will be hard work to tell it to so calm and judicial an inquirer."

"I understand. You think I might have spoken more warmly, might have been more glad and surprised to see you again. But you did not take me by surprise so much as you thought; and I have told you that I don't know yet whether I am glad."

"And you are a man, and not the affectionate harum-scarum boy who was the only thing that ever made Herne's Edge endurable to me. Well, I have no right to complain of that; it is inevitable, I suppose."

Cosmo Heron put out his hand and wrung his brother's with a grip that

left it tingling. "I don't forget those days, Edmund," he said, "or that you are my only brother and my father's eldest son. If I seem to judge more fairly than kindly—well, you may find in the end that I mean more kindly than appears. And you must not expect one of us to be easily moved to a melting mood."

A very keen ear might have detected the faintest suggestion of complacency in the claim to a share of the family hardness, just that complacency with which people are apt to regard traits which in reality are the very opposite of those they do possess. Whether Edmund Heron was acute enough to perceive the tone or guess its significance there was nothing in his next speech to show. "My father's son could hardly fail to be prejudiced against me. And yet, I had almost hoped that even he, after all these years——"

"Must I tell you again that no one ever changes up here, least of all we at the Edge? Seriously, Edmund, if you will show me that he ought to change, no one will be more glad than I. As a boy of course I did not realise how very strangely and unhappily our family is placed; but now, if I could do anything to bridge the gulfs and repair the breaches, I should be more than glad."

"I fear that can hardly be expected; but you and I ought to be friends if possible. And as a step towards that I will tell you what my father has not thought fit to mention; but not here, or now. Can you meet me to-morrow, anywhere near High Cross?"

"To-morrow is the wedding-day."

"Ah, I had forgotten; Emily's wedding-day. Pretty little Emily, to think of her as a wife! Well, I hope she will be happy with Master Jem. But when can I see you?"

"Things will be quiet enough at night, I suppose, after they are all gone. If I meet you about nine o'clock by the big tree in Fiddler's Acre, will that do?"

"Fiddler's Acre? Ay, I remember

it. Is that great ash-tree standing yet? Yes; I will meet you there, if you think you can be out so late without exciting remark. I could not have done so, in my palmiest days of favour."

"I please myself in these matters. Very often I am at Pennithorne, or am supposed to be there."

"Ah! And are you supposed to be there now? What brings you wandering among the tombs instead, as if you were an outcast like me?" The speaker's voice was very pleasant. Whatever in the words might have sounded flippant was completely modified by the tone, eager, wistful, almost tender, as if it really concerned him much to know how things were with the younger brother from whom he had been parted so long.

"I was restless, to-night," answered Cosmo Heron, with what seemed a little effort. "The house has been distracted all day with preparations for the wedding; and change and disturbance of some kind seemed to be in the air. They are full of visitors, too, at Pennithorne, and I shall see more than enough of them to-morrow. So I have been airing my discontent up on the moor, and did not feel disposed to go home any sooner."

As he ended, the bell in the tower clanged out twelve and Edmund Heron started to his feet. "There," he said, "I must be off, like any other ghost. As it is, I don't know how I shall get admitted to my temporary shelter at High Cross. And as for you, you had better get to bed, I should think, in preparation for a hard day to-morrow. Are you to be Jem Brotherton's best man?"

"Not exactly; but I suppose I shall have to be in the thick of all the fuss."

"And you wish it was over, no doubt."

Cosmo did not answer for a moment. If that second match for which his brother had wished had been lighted at that moment, it would have revealed a doubtful look upon his face,

as if in this case also he was not quite sure of his own feelings. "I will not let it make me forget Fiddler's Acre, anyhow," he said at last. "Don't you forget, either. Good-night, Edmund."

"Good-right, Cosmo," answered the elder brother, and the caressing accents of his voice lingered over the name as if he were thinking how long it was since they had exchanged nightly greetings.

It was but a few paces to the gate, and while they spoke they had reached it together. Again their hands met, lingered, and parted. Then Edmund Heron vaulted over the stile and walked at a brisk pace down the quiet street, where the echoes of his footsteps seemed like an outrage on the stillness. His brother stood for a moment, leaning against the tall stone pillar that divided the wide gate of ceremony from the stile of everyday use, looking, or rather listening, after him till all sign of him was lost in the night. Then the younger man too went his way in the opposite direction towards the Hall, not perhaps finding the restless excitement that had driven him to wander forth much mitigated by this strange meeting. And as he went the soft wind awoke again, and seemed to meet him with a sigh full of freshness and perfume, the very breath of the sweet summer night. Looking up, he saw that the clouds had thinned to the merest veil of gauze, and everywhere the stars were gleaming through. Orion's studded belt was just distinguishable, and the seven glittering points of Charles's Wain were plain to be seen above the dark rounded hilltop, where he had seen them rise so often that the stars and the hill seemed to belong to each other.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WEDDING.

THERE is little doubt that a rich childless widow of between fifty and sixty is happier for having a com-

panion, to share her travels if she is disposed to wander, or to lessen the dulness of her solitary existence at home. And a lady in this position usually contrives to provide herself with such an appanage, whether by modest payment to some decayed gentlewoman, by adopting some niece or cousin, or by inviting some friend, old or young, to share the luxuries and necessities of life with her upon equal terms.

Mrs. Ingleby, widow of the late Thomas Ingleby Esquire, Q.C., chose the latter alternative. Some three years before she is introduced to the reader she had invited Miss Evelyn Armitage, the orphan daughter of an old friend, to live with her as unpaid companion and friend. The arrangement had worked very well. Miss Armitage's modest fortune provided her very pretty and becoming dresses, and sufficed for all her other small wants, while Mrs. Ingleby's house and dining-table were both too large for a permanent guest to be felt as an inconvenience. In return for her hospitality Mrs. Ingleby received companionship, and that amount of deference that is usually paid to an indulgent aunt; and the pair were all the better friends for their mutual certainty that "dear Evelyn" would not stay in the house a day if not treated with consideration and courtesy, and allowed a reasonable amount of freedom. These things being understood, Mrs. Ingleby and her young friend were on the best and most confidential terms. They went everywhere together, travelled about or visited friends all the summer and autumn, and both called it "home" when they returned to the comfortable house in South Kensington where Mrs. Ingleby had enshrined her household gods.

On the same July night which had witnessed the strange meeting recounted in the first chapter, the two women were sitting together in the room assigned to Mrs. Ingleby in Pennithorne House, having left the party downstairs a little early in

order that the elder lady might give her young friend some idea of their hostess and her history.

"My dear," she was saying, "one need not call it love of gossip. It is a positive duty to know about these people before venturing among them, if only to guard against the possibility of making awkward remarks. I brought Mary Grey here with me last time, and before I knew what she was about she was holding forth on the iniquity of married women separating from their husbands, full in Mrs. Heron's hearing. Whether she did it in ignorance, or sheer want of tact, I could never discover; but it was equally unfortunate in either case."

"Has Mrs. Heron been long separated from her husband?"

"For many years. You understand, Evelyn; there was never the faintest suspicion of scandal against Queen Elizabeth, or we should not be here. No one ever breathed a word against either of them. They never even quarrelled, so far as I could make out. It was simply that they thought they could live more happily apart. Many married couples have thought the same before and since, but have been afraid of what people would say. That is a fear that has never troubled the Herons, if half the tales about them are true. So the breach between them has never been wide enough to make it necessary for them to see no more of each other. She settled down here, within easy distance of his house, and ever since they have exchanged all the courtesies of intimate acquaintance. He sends her game, and she sends him fruit; they call upon each other about once a quarter, and are much better friends than you would suppose possible."

"And it is Mr. Heron's house to which we are going to-morrow?" said Miss Armitage musingly.

"Just so; and very thankful I am that the wedding is there and not here. We shall at least be able to come away when the dulness grows unbearable, and our hostess will not

want to stay too long. You understand that the bride is no relation to Mrs. Heron, except by marriage. She is a great-niece of Mr. Heron's, whom he adopted some years ago, and now I suppose he is giving her a dowry. She is certainly making a very fair match. I have visited these Brothertons when I was in this neighbourhood before, and they live in very good style. Jem Brotherthon——"

"Tell me more about the Herons. I love to hear about eccentric people," said Miss Armitage, with a little wilful air that became her well. "I am always so grateful to them for having the courage to be unlike everybody else. There is a son, is there not? Does he live with his father, or is he away from home?"

"Ah, my dear, there is the oddest part of this strange story. And first, let me caution you to walk warily when you speak to Mr. or Mrs. Heron about sons. There is an elder son who has come to grief somehow, who has gone away from home, and whose name is never mentioned by either of them. He must be quite an impossible subject, or my friend would certainly have taken him up when her husband cast him off, out of pure love of opposition."

"I perceive that conversation will be full of pitfalls. How about number two? May one allude to him?"

"By all means. Mrs. Heron will not be long before she entertains you with an account of his perfections, and when he comes here you will see what a fuss she makes over him. But there are pitfalls for you even here. He lives with his father, and is his father's son, not his mother's; and that is a standing grievance."

"I should think so! How comes that to pass?"

"By another of those queer arrangements that make this family so utterly unlike every other. The husband and wife parted when this young man was only a child. I don't know what arrangement they made about the

elder son, who was nine years older, and was of course away at school. As for Cosmo, they agreed that his mother was to keep him till he was seven years old, and after that he was every seven years to choose which of the two he would live with."

"Surely I don't understand you. Do you mean to say that they left it to a little child to settle for himself, and that his decision was to be irrevocable?"

"For seven years; at the end of that time he was to choose again. Well, on the day he was seven years old his father came over, punctually to the hour, to see what my young lord would decide. He had been horribly indulged in the meantime, and like most spoiled children was constantly in disgrace. He had done something that very day, I believe, for which he expected condign punishment; and being as plucky as possible he was not at all afraid of the grim-visaged elderly Squire. The bait of some jackdaws' nests in the chimneys at Herne's Edge triumphed over all the amusements that Pennithorne had to offer. Off went father and son together, and my friend has never been able to get her boy back since."

"Poor Mrs. Heron! Had not she and her house regained the charm of novelty by the time seven more years had passed?"

"I suppose not; or perhaps the jackdaws' nests had not palled. At any rate, at fourteen and at twenty-one the young man's decision has been the same. And I don't know that his mother is so much to be pitied. Now that she cannot get him she thinks all the world of him; but how long that would last if he came over to her side is another matter."

"Is he not nice, then?"

"He may be perfect, for aught I know. But Janet Heron never cared, for more than half an hour, for what was absolutely her own, unless out of opposition to somebody else."

"Dear Mrs. Ingleby, are you sure you are not romancing to gratify my

taste for hearing of odd people? And the young man himself? Is he as odd as such antecedents and such a bringing up should have made him?"

"Pretty nearly, I think. I have not seen much of him, and his mother's stories of course all redound to his credit; but she cannot deny that he is very unlike other people, and indeed he looks it. But you will see him to-morrow, and judge for yourself."

Next morning Miss Armitage found herself starting for the wedding with that delightful exhilaration of spirits that sometimes comes over us among new scenes and new people. It was a lovely morning. Yesterday's clouds had vanished utterly, and, if the bride is to be happy that the sun shines on, Miss Heron's happiness was secure. But there was none of the sultry heat that Miss Armitage's south-country experience connected with sunny noon-tide in the dog-days. In these breezy uplands, as she was afterwards to discover, the day keeps always something of the wild freshness of morning, and summer is a petulant, delightful child instead of a languid, gracious woman. There is both gain and loss in this; but when summer smiles with all the careless frankness of childhood, and the full glow of the sun tempers the keen edge of a wind that seems as if it blew straight from the far-distant sea, the gain decidedly predominates.

The carriage drove swiftly down the gentle slope at the top of which stood Pennithorne House and Pennithorne village, then turned to the left along the open strath beside the little river, crossed it after about half a mile, and began to go up, and up, and up into the hills.

It seemed to Evelyn Armitage that they went for miles (though in reality it was little more than two) up an almost perpendicular hill; and when they reached the top, behold, it was not the top, but a sheltered hollow round which the hills still kept guard, though now the bare backs of their highest ridges could be plainly seen,



upheaving themselves against the pale ethereal blue of the sky.

The village had put on its gayest look, though there was no attempt at general decoration, no fading arches to act as an uncomfortable reminder of the evanescence of earthly bliss. Every doorstep was freshly whitened, every window newly cleaned, and the small population was for the most part in the street, in holiday attire and all agog for the wedding.

On common days Ernston had a somewhat melancholy look, as if brooding over some unforgotten tragedy; or rather perhaps one fancied so, knowing what a real and ghastly tragedy had place in its otherwise simple annals. But no one was thinking, on that sixteenth of July, of troubles more than two centuries old, and even to allude to the story would have been profanation on a young girl's wedding morning. So no one directed Miss Armitage's attention to the usual points of interest: the little low house where it began—the dell where they met to pray, with shuddering intensity of supplication, betwixt the dead and the living—the bare hillside where the tens who were left alive buried the hundreds of their dead. And unsubdued by such recollections the carriage ran the gauntlet of the admiring looks of Ernston, and halted before the semicircular flight of steps that led up to the fine old gateway of the Hall.

Mrs. Heron ushered in her guests with a sort of proud humility, as who should say, "I am only a visitor here, like yourselves." She was a handsome woman, with a determined look about her face that hardly seemed to agree with the brief sketch of her character given by her friend the night before.

Evelyn Armitage, gazing round with bright appreciative young eyes, became aware first that this was a very quaint and lovely home from which Mrs. Heron had exiled herself, or allowed herself to be exiled. A broad paved walk led straight through a small high-walled garden, with squares

of the finest velvet turf on either side, and borders full of old-fashioned flowers and roses bright against the dark old walls. Beyond was a terrace, with sides, not steeply turfed like the thing that lies in front of a cockney villa, but solidly built up of tawny stone, out of every fissure of which grew tiny ferns and creeping many-coloured rock-plants, whose roots disdained so vulgar a thing as earth. Another flight of steps, with a broad balustrade on each side, brought them to the wide paved space stretching along the whole front of the house, a high sheltering wall shutting it in at either end. More roses climbed about the low Tudor casements, damask and monthly and white; and a door in the wall to the right gave a glimpse into a larger garden gay with flowers.

The front door opened directly into a large low-ceiled room with painted panels, in which stood their host ready to receive the strangers. Miss Armitage looked anxiously at him, to see what manner of man this was with whom his wife had not found it possible to live. He did not seem at first sight an impossible personage: tall, well-made, and very upright, with a short face and rather long aquiline nose, dark-brown hair touched with gray, and dark-brown eyes set rather deep in his head. "He looks distinguished, trustworthy, a thorough gentleman," thought the keen observer. "And—yes!—he has a temper, I should say, and his mouth is obstinate and secretive to the last degree. I am much obliged to him; he looks just as he ought to look. It would have been disappointing to find him the kind of man that no reasonable woman *could* have lived with; but I fancy I can guess why she left him. Now, where is the son?" She had not to ask herself the question twice, for a glance round the crowded room showed her a tall young figure with a face so like Mr. Heron's that she could not doubt for a moment to whom it must belong. Miss Armitage had been annoyed with herself for being just too late to miss the

greeting between husband and wife; but at least she saw the young man's reception of the mother with whom he had never chosen to live, and decided that as a welcome to an old friend and distinguished guest it left nothing to be desired, but that as from a son to his mother it was a little cold.

A buzz of talk was going on all round, for a minute during which Mr. Cosmo Heron found time to speak to Mrs. Ingleby, and by her was presented to Miss Armitage. "He *is* odd-looking, and I know why," thought the latter. "He has got some one else's eyes. It is almost startling to see blue eyes under such dark eyebrows; and they are no more like Mrs. Heron's than his father's."

There was a little stir in the inner hall, which was visible through a curtained archway. The bride was coming down the wide oak stairs, her white silken draperies falling in soft glistening heaps from step to step behind her, and her white gloved hand lingering on the ponderous carved balustrade, as she paused on the lowest step with all eyes upon her. A curious flash came into those blue ones upon which Miss Armitage had been mentally commenting; she saw it and wondered what it meant. Perhaps the bride saw it too, for while all looked at her she looked only at her cousin, with a little deprecating provoking smile whose language no one else could understand.

Mr. Heron gave her his arm, the rest followed as they chose, and all sailed out on to the terrace through the garden door, and along the green alleys through alternate sun and shade towards the church, the squat tower of which was plainly to be seen among the trees close at hand. No red drugget made the homely churchyard path look like the approach to a London house on the night of a ball; but the smooth worn pavement had been swept till not a speck of dust remained upon it, and here and there a rose kissed the hem of the bride's flowing draperies. There seemed to be no brides-

maids and no groomsmen; and the little procession reached the church and entered it as simply and easily as a family party on a Sunday morning. Miss Armitage found herself wondering whether even the demon of the provincial press could make a "Fashionable Wedding in High Life" out of this, and envying the girl who had an ancestral home and an eccentric guardian, and could be married in this poetically simple fashion.

She did not envy Miss Heron her bridegroom, after one swift keen woman's glance had taught her all about him that externals could tell. He looked honest and almost handsome, but Miss Armitage mentally disposed of him in one word as "uninteresting," and betook herself to looking round the little old church, and speculating as to the momentous consequences of those few simple words which bride and bridegroom had so soon uttered. "I wonder if she knows him well enough to trust him with the whip and reins," she thought. "Or does she mean to keep them in her own hands? Unsatisfactory, I should think, either way. I had rather be with a Mrs. Ingleby, and give notice if we don't suit. Unless——"

She did not finish the sentence, even in that inner depth of the mind where something murmurs what the thoughts are hardly permitted to take cognisance of. Something made her turn her head suddenly, and she saw that Mr. Cosmo Heron was looking fixedly towards her, almost turning his back on bride and bridegroom; not at her, but over her right shoulder, at something just behind her. Few nerves can stand this sort of thing for more than a minute, and in an instant, almost in spite of herself, Miss Armitage turned her head and glanced in the same direction.

She did not start outwardly, being a young woman of considerable presence of mind, but she was startled none the less. Was the young man ubiquitous? There he was behind her,

just the same in height and figure, and in the contour of the cheek (all she could see of his half-averted face), and in the dark-brown hair with the same crisp curves in it. She glanced in bewilderment from one to the other and back again; and just then Number Two turned half round and showed her a pair of brownish-gray eyes instead of the blue ones that had seemed to her so incongruous, besides lesser differences, such as thinner eyebrows, a straighter nose, and a smaller mouth. Before her face the two pairs of eyes exchanged swift glances,—appeal and warning on the one side, and she knew not what on the other. Then Miss Armitage perceived that Number Two was quietly withdrawing himself, disappearing into a little side chapel behind the organ, and that no one seemed to have noticed him but herself and that one other. Turning again she found Cosmo Heron's eyes fixed upon her, with an expression that said so plainly, "I wonder what kind of person you are. Will you find it necessary to talk about what you may have seen?" that she could not refrain from answering it by a just perceptible smile and the smallest possible shake of the head.

The next moment she realised that the ceremony was over, that Miss Heron was Mrs. Brotherton, and that the bridal pair were moving into the tiny vestry. They seemed to be taking the same way that the mysterious figure had taken just before them, and Miss Armitage wondered with some eagerness whether he had had time to carry out his manifest intention of escape; but at least no rumour of any awkward meeting reached her ears as the party filed back to the house, quietly as it had come.

There was no wedding breakfast and no speeches, so merciful was this unconventional household. Only refreshments were laid out in the large low dining-room, and the bride cut up there the great home-made cake, whereof slices were offered to the company by Mr. Cosmo Heron, for the most part in vain.

An hour had passed, and the informal gathering had broken up, when Miss Armitage found herself for the moment alone and apart, where the different conversations going on at once resulted in a general buzz. But two voices were quite audible close beside her, though she could not see the speakers,—voices earnest and confidential in tone, but not dropped at all below their natural pitch, so that there was nothing to suggest that she was overhearing what was not meant for the public ear.

"It is not so much your taking Jem that I mind," said the masculine voice, slowly and significantly. "But I did not realise quite that it meant his taking *you*, and taking you quite away from us. I almost wish I had married you myself instead."

"Almost!" echoed the lady's voice. "You are very complimentary—and modest! As if I would have looked at a boy like you, when there was Jem!"

"I am older than you, Madam; and I would soon have got rid of Jem, if this had occurred to me earlier."

"Then I am very glad it didn't! All the same, I am a woman now, and you are only a boy."

"Am I? Take care! If you provoke me I might be tempted to get rid of Jem even yet, as my namesake did of his cousin."

"People don't do such things nowadays."

"Perhaps not, when they only *almost* wish. If I did, I wonder what you would do? Not try to kill me, as the cousin's wife did by Squire Cosmo? Oh no; you would cry a great deal, and then forgive me, and we should live very happily ever after!"

"You are a horrid boy, Cosmo. No girl was ever talked to so before on her wedding-day!"

"True; but no girl ever looked prettier, or had a more original wedding. I shall talk no more nonsense after to-day, nor will you; so what does it matter?"

It was nonsense indeed, and might have seemed nonsense in somewhat questionable taste, but that the speakers were evidently like brother and sister. But the one listener fancied she detected a faint shade of earnest underlying the fierce playfulness; and it recalled her to the thought that possibly they were not aware that they might be overheard, though they seemed to care so little about it. She dropped her parasol noisily on the bare polished floor, then rose as she picked it up and moved away to a little distance, wondering what was to be the next scene in this eccentric wedding-feast. The next thing appeared to be a kind of General Post, during which Mrs. Heron and Mrs. Ingleby came to look for Miss Armitage, to take her to explore the antiquities of the house and garden. "The happy pair will not be leaving just yet," said Mrs. Heron, as the young lady could not refrain from one backward curious glance round the room. "We shall be back in time to see them off." With this assurance Miss Armitage's mind was sufficiently at rest to admire the beauties of Herne's Edge; though she was still more interested in the living than in the dead, and let Mrs. Heron's stories of the past (which indeed were not told in a very interesting fashion) go by her almost unheeded. They worked their way round at last from the old records in the library out into the sunny garden, from the shapen yew-trees in the garden to the remnant of the village-stocks on the small green space in front of the gate, and from the green to the quiet old-fashioned stable-yard (one of several) where in a building all to itself stood the original old family coach, once used within the memory of man, with a sword-case instead of a driving-box, and more gilding than springs. From there it was easy to reach the front of the house by a door in the wall, and as they stepped on to the terrace they saw the carriage waiting down by the gate, and by the little stir in the hall

perceived that the young people must be on the point of starting.

Mrs. Heron hurried into the house, while Mrs. Ingleby and her young friend waited beside the door. In a few moments the whole party came out, the bride in her travelling dress, leaning this time on her cousin's arm, and her husband close behind her talking to Mr. Heron; the rest followed, carrying neither rice nor old shoes, but with the old butler in their midst solemnly bearing an ancient tankard on a silver tray, with which he stood waiting while the last farewells were spoken. The carriage-door was open, the bride's foot was on the step, when her uncle took the tankard, tasted its contents, and solemnly offered it to her. She half laughed, touched it with her lips, and handed it back to him, upon which he turned with it to the bridegroom, with whom he seemed to be discussing some knotty point.

Evelyn Armitage was too far off to hear what they were saying; but before they had settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction they were interrupted by one of those small mischances that at the time make nervous people by turns hot and cold, however amusing they may prove to look back upon.

She had noted with some amusement the air of possession, almost of defiance, with which Mr. Cosmo Heron led out his beautiful charge, handed her down the steps, and put her into the carriage. She was wondering whether those who had not, like herself, overheard his late speeches, observed anything significant in the way in which he arranged the bride and her belongings with little regard for any one who was to come after, lingering with his head in the carriage and his back to the bridegroom, and talking as if determined to keep her from him up to the last possible moment.

Now it appeared that he had something confidential to say, or some very special arrangements to make, for he stepped inside and took the seat be-

side her, as the carriage-door swung to with some force behind him.

The coachman was not looking, or was perhaps a little confused by having too loyally drunk the health of the happy couple, for at the familiar sound of the closing door he started on his perch, whipped up his horses, and drove off. Neither of those inside made any movement to stop him; and, while the ladies on the steps uttered small shrieks and the gentlemen roared with laughter, the luckless bridegroom had himself to run after his departing equipage, shouting to it to stop. Perhaps even then the coachman hardly realised what an important person he had left behind, but neatly turning his horses round the triangle of green he drew up at the gate once more; while Mr. Brotherton came panting back just as Cosmo Heron unfastened the door and stepped out.

The two young men looked at each other rather queerly. "Really, Jem, you should be more careful," said the younger coolly. "Any other man would have made off with your new wife while you were not looking."

"You wouldn't have been the first of your name to try such a thing," retorted the elder, getting promptly into his lawful place.

"No; and what is bred in the bone — There, drive on! You will lose your train at Millborough next."

The carriage started once more. Mr. Heron looked at his son, opened his lips as if to speak, closed them again, and silently led the way back to the house.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FIDDLER'S ACRE.

"MISS ARMITAGE," said a voice at her elbow, "will you share that ill-omened loving-cup of ours, or will you come and have some coffee?"

"The coffee, if you please, rather than that formidable tankard. But why do you call it ill-omened?"

"I told my father that the survivors would prefer coffee," said the

young man; "but that loving-cup is an old institution of ours. It began with misfortune, and some harm always comes of it, though of course that is no reason with us for changing our ways."

It was almost impossible to tell whether he was in earnest or not, but his companion fancied from the intense gravity of his look that he was trying to puzzle her. "That is to be conservative indeed," she answered gravely. "I suppose you cannot help it, living where you do. But how did your old custom begin in misfortune? May I not hear?"

"Shakespeare wrote the story, and called it *THE WINTER'S TALE*. But our version ended more tragically, for Edmund Heron killed his friend, who had never wronged him, down there by the gate, over the loving-cup. That was the year before the tragedy of this place, and men called it a judgment; but surely it was a left-handed one, for the great house paid no heavier toll than the little ones that had not sinned."

"I think that is not the story I expected to hear. Was there not a legend of a namesake of your own, and a lady who was to have married some one else?"

"My mother did not tell you of that?" said Cosmo Heron, with a quick questioning glance over the cup of coffee he was handing. "She considers the story discreditable to the name I am to render illustrious. But it is a shade lighter than most of our family chronicles, though it has the makings of a tragedy in it too."

"Tell it me."

"I am afraid I shall bore you; but if you will bring it upon yourself— Well, then, that Cosmo Heron coveted his cousin's betrothed bride, who was a ward of his father's and lived with them here. So he contrived to kidnap the cousin somehow, persuaded the lady that he had run away because he wanted to be off the bargain, and so prevailed on her to take his precious self instead. That miserable loving-cup



of ours plays a part in this story too, as you will see. Just as they had been fast married the cousin managed somehow to let the bride know how and why he had been kept from her; and she, being one of us, was more furious at having been deceived than touched by the love that had stood at nothing in order to win her. She merely wanted her revenge; and so they say she put poison into the cup that her husband was to drink with her before carrying her off to her own great house over there at Esterham. But he had seen enough to make him suspect that she had found him out; and when she only touched the rim of the cup with her lips he suspected something more. She was not quite cut out for the part of the female villain, I suppose, and when he looked at her over the cup her face betrayed her. Anyhow he poured the wine out on the steps, bowed politely, shut the carriage door as he stood outside, and signed to the coachman to drive on. Ever since then the master of the house tastes the loving-cup first, as you have seen, by way of a guarantee of his good faith."

"You are curious people up here! Did we leave a century behind us when we drove up this morning, and is this seventeen hundred and something that I find you living in?"

"I think not. *That* disastrous wedding-day was in July of 1739, and *that* Cosmo Heron went out with Prince Charlie in '45, and died fighting at Preston, not without credit, which was perhaps the best thing that could happen to him."

"And what became of *her*?"

"Oh, she lived all her days in her own house at Esterham, and was regarded by many people as a very ill-used woman, and by some as a very foolish one. The cousin turned up again, I believe, after Cosmo was dead, and she declined to have anything to say to him, on the ground that any one but a fool would have contrived to let her hear from him twelve hours earlier. Have you been

often to the Academy this year, Miss Armitage?"

"I have, but I am not going to talk about it, if that is what you mean. Nor would you wish it, if you were as sick of the subject as I am. There are fifty more interesting pictures in this tragical love-story of yours."

"Come into the churchyard, and I will show you the record of another love-story of about that date, far prettier than anything that ever belonged to our family."

"I should like it very much, but just now I am afraid Mrs. Ingleby may be looking for me."

"My father will hardly allow any one to go just yet. But will you let my mother bring you here again, some day when the old place is in its usual solitude? Then, if you really care for doleful legends, you shall hear plenty."

"I shall say all I can in favour of such a delightful plan, if Mrs. Heron should propose it."

"Then she shall propose it. I should like—— If Emily had been here we could have entertained you properly, but as it is you must excuse our bachelor uncouthness."

It seemed to Miss Armitage that *uncouth* was a ridiculously inappropriate word to the chivalrous old-world courtesy of both father and son. But she did not say so; she only shook her head and smiled, and went on half-absently to ask the names of the roses that climbed the garden walls, roses belonging so entirely to an elder time that they were all new to her. There was something that she wanted to say, and she was wondering how to lead the conversation round to it; at last she decided that with this very original young man the shortest way might be also the best. "Mr. Heron," she said, "you were looking at me in church, while the last of the wedding ceremony was going on."

"Pardon me; my eyes were not so well employed. I was looking at some one just beyond you."



"At first; but after he was gone you looked at me. You were thinking to yourself, 'Can this person hold her tongue!' This person *can* hold her tongue, Mr. Heron. She will not ask any questions, even of herself in her own mind; and if she happened to see any one who did not wish to be seen, he may assure himself that no one will ever hear of him through her. That is all I meant to say."

"Thank you very much," said Cosmo Heron, very gravely and emphatically, and did not add a single word.

"There is no need. I see Mrs. Heron and Mrs. Ingleby there in the distance. Perhaps I had better join them now; but remember, I shall expect the rest of the history of Ernston Hall when we meet again."

"Herne's Edge, if you please," he said, formally offering his arm. "It is only a modern fashion to call it the Hall."

"I see. It should be Heron's Edge, I suppose, only laziness has robbed it of a syllable."

"Just so; and the same laziness has robbed Heron's Town of an aspirate as well."

"Was there ever a real heronry here, do you know?"

"I fancy not. Herons don't affect edges, as we call our hills about here; and we should probably have been called Hernshaw, if their houses had been here before ours. Most likely we got our designation elsewhere,—perhaps from some personal peculiarity—and called the lands after our names, like the wicked folks King David sang of, when we first came up into these regions."

"Likely enough," thought Miss Armitage, "if your ancestors were as long and slender, and as pronounced in regard to nose, as you and your father." But the intimacy, though it had progressed with tolerable rapidity, was hardly yet sufficiently advanced for her to say so aloud; and indeed by this time they had joined Mrs. Heron, and it was time to go. They went

accordingly, father and son accompanying them to the carriage and standing together on the steps beneath the gateway to watch them out of sight.

That night, a little before nine o'clock, Cosmo Heron made his way to the lonely field on the edge of the wood known as Fiddler's Acre; and there he sat down, somewhat wearily, on the little mound at the bole of the great ash-tree that marked the field out from its fellows.

When a young man has spent a part of the day in talking to an exceedingly pretty woman, he usually thinks a good deal of that pretty woman when he finds himself alone towards nightfall, with the soft background of twilight and green fields for memory to paint her face upon. But this young man was not thinking of Evelyn Armitage just then, though he had admired her face more than a little. He was thinking of the brother of whom he had not heard for eight years, whom he could not be said to have *seen* the night before, whom he would hardly see to-night, unless he was more punctual than he appeared disposed to be. Cosmo Heron prided himself on being like his father; and perhaps he was not so very much unlike the original Squire Heron as God made him. But certainly the Squire Heron that the world, and even his sons, knew, would not in the circumstances have been first at the trysting-place that summer night, or have been thinking, as he waited, of David and Jonathan by "the stone Ezel."

Cosmo imagined that he was achieving a mighty triumph of justice over prejudice when he admitted, in thought and word, that his father might perhaps have been somewhat hard and intolerant with his brother; and he conceived that this admission was made in spite of a similar hardness and unyielding temper of his own. In sheer love and admiration for his father he had modelled himself upon the older man in habits and speech and thought, until to himself they

seemed so identical that by a kind of reaction of modesty he began to tell himself that he must guard against the family failings, which doubtless were less apparent to him than they would be to others. The portrait a man draws of himself may or may not bear much likeness to the reality. And what others draw for him may be again so different that the gift the poet sighed for—"to see ourselves as others see us"—would be a very small help towards self-knowledge. Squire Heron was not perhaps quite so hard a man as others thought him; but on the other hand those soft places, which in most hard men may be reckoned on somewhere, were in him not easy to find. How far his second son resembled him we shall presently see.

"Poor old Edmund!" Cosmo Heron was saying to himself as he waited and listened in the gathering dusk. "I fancy he was naturally softer-hearted than the rest of us, for I remember more caresses and pleasant words when he was at the Edge than I have ever known there since. And so, when he came into collision with my father, it was a case of the earthen pot and the iron one, and he came to grief. Well, I have often wondered *what* he did, and now I suppose I shall know very soon. No doubt he was in the wrong; but none the less it may be my duty to take his part. Eight years of exile is a heavy penance; and probably he has been roughing it all that time, while Pennithorne and Herne's Edge have been doing their best to spoil me. Turn about would be only fair play. I wish I could remember,—children never reason, though, on what they see. But I have a general impression that my mother was never fond of Edmund, and that my father was never so kind to him as he has always been to me. There must have been great want of sympathy or congeniality, and even with unemotional people like ourselves those things are apt to tell when the catastrophe comes. Likely enough

Edmund got hard measure among us; and I have taken the matter very coolly, never troubling my head about it for all these years. He might well say, last night, that I must have forgotten him. I had not forgotten, but I might almost as well have done so for all the good my remembrance has been to him. Punctuality is not his strong point, it seems, or else he has forgotten his way to this particular field. David had not had eight years in which to forget his way to 'the stone Ezel,' but then he had had a more energetic friend at court."

The night was clear and still; so still that the ear could distinguish the faint tinkle of running water some distance off and the drowsy chirp of birds disturbed in their first sleep; so clear that even at a few minutes past nine it was by no means dark, and would not be dark before the twilight brightened into dawn in the north-eastern heavens. Cosmo rose and paced up and down, growing a little restless under the tender melancholy of the summer night. He had listened in vain for his brother's approaching footsteps; but the ears of his soul seemed to hear the footfall of Fate drawing nearer through the silence. He was not addicted to cultivating presentiments; but however much or little earnestness there may have been in the wild talk Miss Armitage had overheard, it had been meant at least to hide with a veil of mockery the memory of something that might once have been earnest enough. Not till his cousin's engagement had been made known had he realised that his father had intended the girl to be his if he had wanted her, and a sharper touch almost inevitably came to mingle with the natural jealousy of old friendship. He knew so little of love that he had confused it with regret at losing his pretty playfellow, and irritated wonder as to what she could possibly see in Jem Brotherton. And now that all was over his life seemed to have been cut in two, and the future left very blank

and dark. In such circumstances formless shadows are apt to loom up through the misty void, vague and full of awe as well as doubt. To meet a long-lost brother was surely a matter for rejoicing rather than for fear; and yet,—and yet,—it seemed that the old life was over, and the first breath of the new life felt chill and unfriendly, like a touch of frost on the warm evening air.

A step,—a whistle,—and all dim forebodings and presentiments fled “like guilty things surprised,” leaving only a keen interest and healthy curiosity, as Cosmo Heron moved forward to meet his brother.

“Well,” cried Edmund Heron, before they met, “so I was at the wedding after all, and Emily is even prettier than I thought she would be. Did any one see me who ought not to have seen me?”

“I don’t know. Did you want to make a scene at that particular time and place? Because, if you did, you came very near succeeding.”

“Why, do you think my father would have turned me out of the church?”

“No; if he had seen you he would probably have taken no notice. But Emily might have known you, or any of your old friends, and then—”

“Well, it *was* a sort of understanding that I was not to show my face here again. But I had grown a little reckless, and did not much care what happened so long as I could get a glimpse of all the old faces.”

He paused, not at all as if he had ended what he was saying, and sat down upon the little bank, while Cosmo stood beside him, leaning lightly against the mighty bole of the great ash; and again the two brothers looked at each other with undisguised curiosity and interest.

“You were right,” said Edmund Heron at last; “my father has not altered in the least during these eight years. He is exactly as I always remember him; only twenty years ago I suppose he looked old for his

age, and now he looks wonderfully young. I had been taking account of the effect of time on ordinary people, and I thought—” He did not tell his thought, but sat for a moment looking down in gloomy meditation, then suddenly looked up. “I thought last night that you were like me, but you are most like him, more like him than I ever was. I can imagine his taking a great delight in that fact.”

“He has never told me so. But he has always been very good to me, and just, so far as I can judge, to everybody. I want to hear your side of the story, Edmund; but I warn you that I shall find it hard to believe that my father could be anything but just.”

“Then I may as well spare myself the trouble of telling it. But I may remark that no man was ever yet invariably just. He may intend to be so, but we cannot control our likes and dislikes, and they must warp our judgment. The history of my father’s connection with me is this,—that he never liked me. Perhaps it would not be fair to blame him for it; but as little do I blame myself.”

“What can make you think so?” asked Cosmo, sitting down and speaking in a somewhat troubled tone.

“I don’t think so; I know it. He always loved you best, and it would be as unreasonable to blame him for that as you, though it has been rather hard upon me.”

“But he did not send you from home for that reason!”

“No; but that reason helped to make home unbearable. Listen, Cosmo. A boy rarely troubles himself much about a father who does not care for him; and it did not trouble me much, although I knew well, from the day that my father bought you home in triumph from Pennithorne, that he loved you best. But when he began to worry my life out with needless restrictions, when he kept me without a horse to ride or a penny in my pocket, when he allowed me less liberty than was granted to you and Emily in the nursery, I naturally

seemed so identical that by a kind of reaction of modesty he began to tell himself that he must guard against the family failings, which doubtless were less apparent to him than they would be to others. The portrait a man draws of himself may or may not bear much likeness to the reality. And what others draw for him may be again so different that the gift the poet sighed for—"to see ourselves as others see us"—would be a very small help towards self-knowledge. Squire Heron was not perhaps quite so hard a man as others thought him; but on the other hand those soft places, which in most hard men may be reckoned on somewhere, were in him not easy to find. How far his second son resembled him we shall presently see.

"Poor old Edmund!" Cosmo Heron was saying to himself as he waited and listened in the gathering dusk. "I fancy he was naturally softer-hearted than the rest of us, for I remember more caresses and pleasant words when he was at the Edge than I have ever known there since. And so, when he came into collision with my father, it was a case of the earthen pot and the iron one, and he came to grief. Well, I have often wondered *what* he did, and now I suppose I shall know very soon. No doubt he was in the wrong; but none the less it may be my duty to take his part. Eight years of exile is a heavy penance; and probably he has been roughing it all that time, while Pennithorne and Herne's Edge have been doing their best to spoil me. Turn about would be only fair play. I wish I could remember,—children never reason, though, on what they see. But I have a general impression that my mother was never fond of Edmund, and that my father was never so kind to him as he has always been to me. There must have been great want of sympathy or congeniality, and even with unemotional people like ourselves those things are apt to tell when the catastrophe comes. Likely enough

Edmund got hard measure among us; and I have taken the matter very coolly, never troubling my head about it for all these years. He might well say, last night, that I must have forgotten him. I had not forgotten, but I might almost as well have done so for all the good my remembrance has been to him. Punctuality is not his strong point, it seems, or else he has forgotten his way to this particular field. David had not had eight years in which to forget his way to 'the stone Ezel,' but then he had had a more energetic friend at court."

The night was clear and still; so still that the ear could distinguish the faint tinkle of running water some distance off and the drowsy chirp of birds disturbed in their first sleep; so clear that even at a few minutes past nine it was by no means dark, and would not be dark before the twilight brightened into dawn in the north-eastern heavens. Cosmo rose and paced up and down, growing a little restless under the tender melancholy of the summer night. He had listened in vain for his brother's approaching footsteps; but the ears of his soul seemed to hear the footfall of Fate drawing nearer through the silence. He was not addicted to cultivating presentiments; but however much or little earnestness there may have been in the wild talk Miss Armitage had overheard, it had been meant at least to hide with a veil of mockery the memory of something that might once have been earnest enough. Not till his cousin's engagement had been made known had he realised that his father had intended the girl to be his if he had wanted her, and a sharper touch almost inevitably came to mingle with the natural jealousy of old friendship. He knew so little of love that he had confused it with regret at losing his pretty playfellow, and irritated wonder as to what she could possibly see in Jem Brotherton. And now that all was over his life seemed to have been cut in two, and the future left very blank

and dark. In such circumstances formless shadows are apt to loom up through the misty void, vague and full of awe as well as doubt. To meet a long-lost brother was surely a matter for rejoicing rather than for fear; and yet,—and yet,—it seemed that the old life was over, and the first breath of the new life felt chill and unfriendly, like a touch of frost on the warm evening air.

A step,—a whistle,—and all dim forebodings and presentiments fled “like guilty things surprised,” leaving only a keen interest and healthy curiosity, as Cosmo Heron moved forward to meet his brother.

“Well,” cried Edmund Heron, before they met, “so I was at the wedding after all, and Emily is even prettier than I thought she would be. Did any one see me who ought not to have seen me?”

“I don’t know. Did you want to make a scene at that particular time and place? Because, if you did, you came very near succeeding.”

“Why, do you think my father would have turned me out of the church?”

“No; if he had seen you he would probably have taken no notice. But Emily might have known you, or any of your old friends, and then——”

“Well, it *was* a sort of understanding that I was not to show my face here again. But I had grown a little reckless, and did not much care what happened so long as I could get a glimpse of all the old faces.”

He paused, not at all as if he had ended what he was saying, and sat down upon the little bank, while Cosmo stood beside him, leaning lightly against the mighty bole of the great ash; and again the two brothers looked at each other with undisguised curiosity and interest.

“You were right,” said Edmund Heron at last; “my father has not altered in the least during these eight years. He is exactly as I always remember him; only twenty years ago I suppose he looked old for his

age, and now he looks wonderfully young. I had been taking account of the effect of time on ordinary people, and I thought——” He did not tell his thought, but sat for a moment looking down in gloomy meditation, then suddenly looked up. “I thought last night that you were like me, but you are most like him, more like him than I ever was. I can imagine his taking a great delight in that fact.”

“He has never told me so. But he has always been very good to me, and just, so far as I can judge, to everybody. I want to hear your side of the story, Edmund; but I warn you that I shall find it hard to believe that my father could be anything but just.”

“Then I may as well spare myself the trouble of telling it. But I may remark that no man was ever yet invariably just. He may intend to be so, but we cannot control our likes and dislikes, and they must warp our judgment. The history of my father’s connection with me is this,—that he never liked me. Perhaps it would not be fair to blame him for it; but as little do I blame myself.”

“What can make you think so?” asked Cosmo, sitting down and speaking in a somewhat troubled tone.

“I don’t think so; I know it. He always loved you best, and it would be as unreasonable to blame him for that as you, though it has been rather hard upon me.”

“But he did not send you from home for that reason?”

“No; but that reason helped to make home unbearable. Listen, Cosmo. A boy rarely troubles himself much about a father who does not care for him; and it did not trouble me much, although I knew well, from the day that my father bought you home in triumph from Pennithorne, that he loved you best. But when he began to worry my life out with needless restrictions, when he kept me without a horse to ride or a penny in my pocket, when he allowed me less liberty than was granted to you and Emily in the nursery, I naturally



took it less kindly than I might have done from a father whose affection I could have believed in."

"I guessed something of this," said Cosmo thoughtfully. "At the time, of course I understood nothing; but now, you see I must suppose that he had some reason for these restrictions."

"Naturally. Of course I kicked over the traces, as any young fellow in my place would have done. Reasonable freedom not being allowed me, I took it for myself, perhaps a little more than was reasonable. I don't say that I'm not sorry for it now; but I do say that the fault was not chiefly mine. No one could bring up a lad as I was brought up, and expect anything else. And if I did wrong, I have paid dearly for it."

"And what brought matters to a crisis?" The words were curt enough, but something in the tone amply redeemed them from the charge of coldness or want of sympathy.

"Well—They tell me, Cosmo, that you are a very good boy, far better than my father was in his youth, if all tales are true. So perhaps you will not be inclined to look leniently on the follies of my youth. But I can swear to you that they were only follies, such as nine young men out of ten are guilty of,—follies such as my father would have found it very easy to overlook if he had ever cared sixpence for me,—until seven months or so before he finally broke with me."

"And then?"

"Then I committed an unpardonable sin. I went, without his consent or knowledge, and got myself married."

"I never heard a word of this," said Cosmo with a start and pause of astonishment.

"That was the head and front of my offending, I can assure you. God forbid I should call it my worst offence, since I look upon it as the best thing I ever did; but I do believe it was my crowning sin in my father's eyes."

"Who was the lady?"

"She was,—nobody, as I see you guess. If she had been anybody, my father might have been less annoyed. I admit that her relations are not all I could have wished, and I have suffered from them occasionally. All the same, when I introduce her to you, as I hope I shall some day, you will see why I married her, and why I have never for one moment repented it."

"Has my father ever seen her?"

"No; he has always declined the honour. With the peculiarly enlightened spirit that marks our family, he preferred to keep his own opinion undisturbed by facts. He told me that he had never expected that I should marry a lady, and consequently was not surprised. Only, Herne's Edge should never welcome a mistress who was not a lady in his lifetime." The bitter lightness of Edmund Heron's tone did not attempt to disguise his deep offence. It seemed as though the sense of his wife's wrongs went deeper than his own, and his brother half sighed and for the moment made no answer. "Well," he went on, "by the time the marriage came to my father's knowledge, one consequence of it was growing imminent. I had to make some sort of home for my wife, and I was nearly penniless. Of course I had earned nothing; I had not been brought up to earn anything, and my allowance had not been calculated for two. So he had me in his power, and he enjoyed it."

"I suppose you must think of your own father as you like, Edmund," said Cosmo Heron very quietly; "but please remember that you are also speaking of mine."

"I can't, if that means that I am to speak without bitterness," answered the elder brother passionately.

"Granted that I had not been perfect, he had no right to drive such a hard bargain with me. If I did wrong, so did he, and I alone had to bear the penalty. And it was for your sake, though I try to be just enough not to blame you for it."



"For my sake!—Go on; what was the bargain?"

"He tried to make me sell my birthright. For the sake of a present maintenance for my wife and myself, —a provision for our lives, as he called it—he wanted me to join him in cutting off the entail, that he might leave Herne's Edge to you."

"You must be mistaken! It might be necessary to break the entail in order to raise money, but he could not have wished you to disinherit yourself."

"Could he not? He told me in so many words that he would move heaven and earth to keep me from ever coming into possession at Herne's Edge, that he wanted the place for you. Ask him if that is not his intention, and see what he will say."

Again there was a pause, a silence through which each could hear the other's quick-drawn breath, and beyond it the trickle of the tiny water-course and the sigh of the rising wind among the branches of the ash-tree. Again Edmund Heron would have given much to see his brother's face, and had to thank his own choice of time and place that he could not do so. But the absolute stillness of the young man's attitude showed so much self-control that perhaps not even the sight of his face could have told the other much.

"What did you do?" asked Cosmo at last. "You did not consent, of course?"

"Not then and there, to do what he required; but as little was I in a position to refuse altogether. If I had stood alone I should have done so, but I could not see my wife starve. So at last we came to a compromise. I promised that in ten years I would join him in cutting off the entail, if by that time I had not a son of my own whose rights had to be considered. If I had a son by then I was to bind myself to stand aside, and let *him* come into possession on my father's death. And meanwhile I was to receive what my father considered a sufficient al-

lowance, to be doubled from the time my son came into the estate. There were some other details, but these are the main points, as my father will tell you if you refer to him."

"And you consented to that?"

"I had no choice. Besides, the baby my wife was then expecting might have proved to be a boy, and if it had been I should have tried to make some fresh arrangement with my father. But eight years have gone by, and I have no son, though I have four little girls, Heaven pity them! My allowance is quite insufficient, and I have applied to my father without even getting an answer. What I shall do I hardly know, but when I came down here it was with no idea of appealing to him. I know too well how useless that would be."

"It seems a most iniquitous arrangement, from your point of view," said the young man at last, in those slow stiff accents that tell plainly of mental pain. "But—you must pardon me, Edmund, if I need to hear my father's account of the matter before trying to realise such a state of affairs. I cannot believe but that you must have misunderstood one another."

"Oh, my father speaks very clearly and to the point, I can assure you," answered Edmund Heron with an unmirthful laugh. "I had no opportunity of mistaking his meaning. He means as ill by me as he has always meant well by you; and as for my wife and children, he simply declines to consider their existence except so far as they afford a means of putting the screw on me. He wants my place for you, and when he has got it I have no doubt my allowance will be paid regularly. Of course I have only myself to thank for the folly that has put me in such a position, and you have every right to profit by his kind intentions towards you. But somehow, when we met the other night, it occurred to me that I would like you just to know how matters stand."

"I will ask my father. Perhaps I

ought to have pressed him to tell me the whole truth long ago, as soon as I came of age."

"Ay, ask him. But first, there is something I should like you to do if you have liberty enough."

"What is that?"

"I should like you to come and visit me, and make acquaintance with my wife, and the four lasses, poor little things. I am proud of them, I must confess. I think I should be proud of them even if they had not cost me so dear; and I should like you to see them."

"Where do you live, then?"

"In London. Ours is by no means a fashionable locality, and we shall not be able to make you comfortable. But I want you to come, Cosmo. Perhaps when you hear my father's view of the case he may turn you against me, and we may never meet as friends again. But we were good friends in the old days, when you were only a boy. Will you come?"

It seemed as though a very prompt and vehement answer was trembling on the young man's lips, but he checked it, and seemed to deliberate for a moment. "You will not expect me to promise on the spot?" he said at last. "I should like to come; perhaps I ought to come; but I must have time to think about it. Remember, all this is far newer to me than it is to you."

"I do remember. And if you consider the matter I know you will come. Only you may at least promise me that sooner or later you will mention the matter to my father, and hear what he believes to be the truth. So much I have a right to ask; but I would rather you got to know me and mine a little better first."

"I will ask him. And I think I will come and see you first; but of that I will let you know."

There was a curious mingling of warmth and restraint in Cosmo Heron's manner, as if natural impetuosity had been overlaid by an artificial coldness and deliberation. It

had the effect of weighting his words with more meaning than they might have been supposed capable of carrying, and making a half-promise sound like a solemn pledge.

Edmund Heron seemed satisfied with it at any rate, and rose as if to go, but his brother put out a hand to detain him. "Must you go so soon? It seems a very little while, after all these years, and I have heard next to nothing about yourself after all. What have you been doing, and why did you never write to me?"

"I have been doing,—many things; of what kind you will see when you come to visit me at home. And as for writing to you, you know best whether letters from me would have been favourably received at Herne's Edge. You were but a boy when I went away, and I had no right to get you into trouble with my father by what might have seemed like an attempt to enlist you on my side."

"But you will write to me now?"

"I will send you a line from High Cross to give you my address. It is 15, Burton Road, Canonbury, but you will never remember it unless I put it down for you. I dare say you think, as I once did, that no one ever yet lived at Canonbury, but let me tell you you are mistaken."

"One moment, Edmund," interrupted Cosmo, unheeding. "How comes it that,—Mrs. Heron seems as much a stranger to you as my father? I should have thought——"

"That she would have taken me up in pure opposition! So she did, at first; but it did not last. You don't know, because you have always declined to throw yourself upon her mercy, how quickly she tires of any one whom she believes to be quite at her disposal. We did not agree very well, and my marriage was the finishing touch. Whether she would ever have relented towards me in after years, I don't know, because I never inquired."

"Well, certainly there was never another family like ours," cried the

younger man with an impatient sound, half laugh, half sigh. "For the sake of decency it is time some one made an effort to put matters straight. I used to think that Emily might do something for us, but I foresee that Jem Brotherton will never let her be mixed up in our unseemly jangling."

"No; Master Jem appeared to me to be as good-tempered, solemn a prig as ever. It is left for you to carry the olive-branch, Cosmo; and I doubt you will do it to small purpose. But it is something, you don't know how much, to have seen you again. Good-bye, and God bless you."

"That sounds like parting for a long while, which we don't intend. I shall see you again, sha'n't I, before you leave this part of the world?"

"Impossible; I leave High Cross to-morrow morning. I am not to be trusted, as you have seen, among old friends and old scenes, and for the sake of wife and bairns I suppose I must not give my father an excuse for stopping my allowance. No; the next time I see you will be in Burton Road, Canonbury; and if you could realise how life sometimes drags there, you would be kind and let the meeting come soon."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE JAPANESE INVASION OF COREA IN 1592.

THE Japanese islands seem especially protected by nature against the dangers of foreign invasion; secure on one side by the breadth of the Pacific Ocean, they are separated by five hundred miles of sea from the shores of China. The only attempt recorded in history to invade the Empire of the Rising Sun came from the Mogul conquerors of China, when, in 1269, Kublai Khan sent an armament against it which was wrecked in the stormy seas that guard the Japanese coasts. These islanders are naturally bold and enterprising, and for many ages have borne the reputation of being keen, fierce, and fond of war. Besides continually fighting among themselves, the Japanese have twice invaded the neighbouring peninsula of Corea. The first expedition took place in the beginning of the third century of our era under the martial Princess Sin Kou Kwo Gau, the widow of the Dairi or Mikado of Japan. Her troops effected a landing in Corea, and subdued a part of the country; but the footing which they gained was afterwards lost, though some boastful traditions of conquest remained.

Of the second invasion of Corea we have much fuller accounts than are generally found in the insipid chronicles of the East. It took place towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Japan, no longer to Europe a distant rumour, had been visited for half a century by the Portuguese traders. At that time the Japanese islands were under the sway of a successful usurper called Fide-Joshi, or Faxiba, who is generally known in history by his sovereign title of Taicosama. Our principal authorities for the events of his reign are the Jesuit priests, who were then numerous in Japan. These accomplished and daring

missionaries mixed with the people, kept up an intercourse with many of the Princes and Daimios, and took a shrewd survey of the political events of the time. They sent to their General at Rome annual letters and reports, many of which have been printed in divers languages, and a collection of which I was able to study in the Museum Calvet at Avignon. Some of them are cited in a paper, "The Hundred Years of Christianity in Japan," in *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* for April, 1871; otherwise it would seem useless to quote documents which the reader might fail to find in our largest libraries. Much of the information which they contain may, however, be found in the more accessible ecclesiastical histories of Jarric, Solier, Crasset, and Charlevoix.

Taicosama was a man of low birth and strange appearance. Even among the little Japanese he was of dwarfish stature, no higher than fifty inches, but stout and very strong. He had six fingers on one hand, and his eyes were unnaturally prominent. They gave him the nickname of monkey-face. His first occupation was that of a wood-cutter, but becoming a soldier, his skill, valour, and intelligence soon caught the notice of the Siogun, Nobunanga, by whom he was rapidly promoted. When Nobunanga with his son fell a victim to a sudden revolt, Taicosama was absent on a distant expedition, but returning by rapid marches at the head of a disciplined army, he declared himself the avenger of his patron. At that time the Dairis, or Mikados, lived at Meaco stripped of all power and with scanty revenues, but still revered as the descendants of the gods and retaining the right of bestowing titles of honour. The whole military and civil power was in the

hands of the Siogun, and this office had long been the prize of the most successful military adventurer. Taicosama, after parading for a while as the protector of the grandson of Nobunaga, assumed the supreme power for himself. In the course of ten years he brought all the sixty-six princes of Japan under his sway. He quelled the great, and raised the low where he saw that they could usefully serve him. He proclaimed himself the protector of the tillers of the soil, by whom his kingdom was filled with plenty. He was subject to sudden flashes of suspicion, kept every one under the law, and insisted that his subjects should observe the rules of continence and morality which he himself transgressed. It is a tradition that Japan was never better ruled than under Taicosama; though not loved he was admired and feared.

His power being firmly established in Japan, Taicosama began to look abroad for further aggrandisement, and resolved to do something which should place him after his death among the Camis, the deified rulers of the empire.

He first sent a message to the Spanish governor of the Philippines, ordering him to acknowledge his supremacy and to pay him tribute; but no attention was paid to this haughty demand, nor were the Japanese able even in the East India islands to carry on a contest with the naval power of Spain.

Taicosama then turned his eyes to China. Relations between that country and Japan had rarely been friendly, and since 1380 the two nations had closed their ports against each other's ships. It still galled the Japanese to remember that one of their Sioguns had, to prop his own contested power, done homage to a Chinese Emperor of the dynasty of Ming. Taicosama sent a message to the King of Corea complaining that the customary tributes were no longer paid, and on this demand being complied with, he announced to the Corean ambassador his intention of

invading China; Corea, he said, should be his vanguard, and his friendship for that country would depend upon their conduct in assisting him. As the King, who was a tributary to the Chinese Empire, refused to allow the Japanese army to pass through his territory, Taicosama determined to occupy Corea. In planning this expedition the Jesuits tell us that the politic Siogun wished at the same time to effect another object. It is only natural that the Jesuit Fathers should view all events as bearing upon the grand design which so deeply engaged their thoughts, the conversion of Japan to Christianity. Nevertheless there seems reason for believing that they had correctly divined some of the schemes of the Siogun in the conduct of his enterprise. About this time there were one hundred and forty members of the Order of Loyola in Japan, and the progress they had made in the work of conversion might well excite misgivings in the mind of so sagacious a politician as Taicosama. Christianity had been first preached in Japan in 1549 by St. Francis Xavier, who shares with Las Casas the title of Apostle of the Indies, and when Taicosama passed over to the island of Kiusiu to receive the homage of its princes, he was struck by the spread of the new religion. His predecessor Nobunaga had always shown a ruthless hostility to the Bonzes, and had protected the Catholic priests. Provoked by the controversial attacks of the missionaries, the Bonzes had complained to Nobunaga that these foreign priests meant to destroy the religion of the empire. "How many sects have you in Japan?" scornfully asked the Siogun. "Thirty-five," they answered. "Then if you have so many, we can easily bear with a thirty-sixth. Leave the strangers in peace." But now it appeared that the thirty-sixth sect could not suffer any of the others to exist where it had the power.

From the details given in the mis-

sionary reports it appears that there were at that time about two hundred thousand native Christians in Japan. The converts were most numerous in Kiusiu and the neighbouring isles. The Kings of Bungo, Arima, and Omura had become Christians, had forced their subjects at the sword's point to submit to baptism, had driven out the Bonzes, demolished their dwellings and temples, and confiscated their revenues. In the larger island of Nippon the Jesuits had also made a number of converts, among whom were many of high rank. Appearing as ambassadors, missionaries, and traders, and introducing arts and commodities, they played a conspicuous part in Japan; and if they continued to increase the number of their converts it was easy to perceive that, with the support of the Portuguese, they might in time become dangerous. Professing obedience to a foreign priest, they sought to overthrow the gods of the empire, to bring down the political and theological edifice in which Taicosama's own power was involved. In 1587 he accordingly issued a decree forbidding the Fathers to continue their work of conversion, and caused an inquiry to be made about their converts. The Jesuits tell us that the Siogun was startled by the report of their number. He did not at the time follow up his threats, but the expedition to Corea gave him an opportunity of getting rid of the more powerful princes and nobles of Kiusiu, while at the same time furthering his own aims. The Japanese annals assign the command of the expedition to Josi-tosi, the ruler of Tsusima. The Jesuits on the other hand give the principal credit to Tsucamidono, the Admiral of Japan, called by them Don Augustin. Owing no doubt to the desire of subsequent Sioguns to erase all record of Christianity, there is no mention of this man in the Japanese chronicles, but he is a prominent figure in the Chinese account of the war under the name of Hing Tchang. Don Augustin

had taken the part of Taicosama in the civil wars, and had been rewarded with half the principality of Fingo. His father had died a Christian; and he himself forced his vassals to profess the new religion, and collected Christian refugees in his State. The Jesuits celebrate his piety, wisdom, skill, and valour, and make him the hero of the Corean expedition.<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1592 the Japanese troops were collected at Tsusima, the nearest island to the coast of Corea, about sixty miles off, whence they passed over as speedily as their means of transport allowed. A vanguard of twenty thousand soldiers comprising most of the Christian princes of Kiusiu crossed in eight hundred ships under the command of Don Augustin. According to the Jesuits Taicosama calculated that if the expedition failed the Christian lords would all be killed; if it succeeded they could be induced to settle in Corea; moreover, by withdrawing the means of transport he would always be able to prevent or regulate the manner of their return.

The Japanese were well armed with swords, lances, and halberts, and had brazen cannon. When we remember that so late as 1638 the Siogun had to apply to the Dutch for the aid of their ship-guns to batter the fortress of Ximabara, where the Christians of Arima were standing at bay, it does not seem likely that these brazen cannon did much execution. The Japanese had also muskets, though probably the supply was not great.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A particular account of the Corean war, taken from a complete history of the Dynasty of Ming, is given in the fourth volume of the *GENERAL HISTORY OF CHINA* by P. Duhalde, 1741.

<sup>2</sup> William Adams, who describes the garrison of Meaco and Ozaca in 1613, says that they had calivers, "for muskets they have none, neither will they use any." Captain Saris, who saw the Japanese troops in the same year, also tells us that they had no muskets; but Don Rodrigo de Velasco five years earlier, in 1608, saw a thousand musketeers at Jeddo. Both the Jesuits and Chinese accounts of the war report that the Japanese used muskets.



The Chinese describe the King of Corea as a prince so entirely given up to pleasure and debauchery that he never so much as thought of being on his guard. The Coreans were poorly armed, their chief weapons being bows and arrows; on their ramparts were mounted guns from which they shot darts. Don Augustin landed near Fusan. Along the river side up to the fort calthrops had been scattered to annoy the cavalry; the place was garrisoned by six thousand men, and fenced by a wall with towers and a deep ditch. The Japanese filled up the ditch with faggots, and though vigorously repulsed on the first attack, carried the place at the second assault and killed the governor. After capturing another fortress called Foquinangi, they marched straight upon Seoul, the capital of Corea, defeating an army on the way. We are told that through the jealousy of Toronosqui, one of the heathen generals associated with him by Taicosama, Don Augustin was allowed to fight another battle unsupported against sixty thousand of the enemy. The Christian hero was equal to the occasion, and the King, setting fire to the magazines, abandoned the place and fled to the Chinese frontier. Don Augustin marched his troops into the town, and despatched a courier to announce that he had conquered Corea in five and twenty days.

Taicosama, delighted with this rapid success, sent a letter full of commendation to Don Augustin along with the present of a horse and two swords, which is considered the highest honour in Japan. The victorious general then pushed forward to Pean (Ping-Yang), about two days' journey from China, while his colleague took up a position towards Tartary. They both entrenched and fortified themselves, and Taicosama was at first liberal with his reinforcements. But after a time, say the Jesuits, the Siogun began to grow jealous of Don Augustin and his successes, and ordered him to send back the fleet,

that he might lead his troops over in person. This, however, he had no intention of doing, being probably well satisfied to get rid of so many of his turbulent nobility, and to gratify their taste for fighting.

In the meantime the King of Corea, from his place of refuge on the frontier, had been sending courier after courier to the Emperor of China, and the soldiers of the dragon standard were now making their way by toilsome marches to the Yalou River.

The Japanese field force was scarcely settled in Ping-Yang when they were attacked by an army of the Chinese and Coreans. The assailants were twice driven back with great slaughter from walls no higher than ten feet, and their general taken prisoner and sent over to Taicosama. The Chinese now proposed a suspension of arms till conditions of peace should be arranged. Don Augustin, though he knew that it was only intended to gain time, was fain to accept this proposal, for he found himself in a dangerous situation. Many of the defeated Coreans had fled to the forests and mountains, and were now active in intercepting the enemy's supplies; others had sought refuge in the isles about the coast, whence they harassed the invading fleet in ships much larger and stronger than Taicosama's. During the war they are said to have taken as many as five hundred of the small Japanese ships. Unable to get provisions from the wasted country, and receiving but scanty supplies from their own, the Japanese soldiers were sore pressed. Many of them deserted, only to be cut off by the Coreans on the way. The Chinese had in the meantime been strongly reinforced, and under a skilful general, Li-ju-Song, made a second attack on Ping-Yang. This time they were successful. After some desperate fighting they entered the town. Don Augustin, who had retired into the citadel, evacuated it during the night; and the Chinese, following him up, killed nearly four hundred of his men and

took many prisoners. At break of day the Japanese reached one of their forts, which they found abandoned by the King of Bungo in a panic on hearing the tidings from Ping-Yang. A second fort was also found deserted, and Augustin's force, which had only provisions for one day, was obliged to march for three days together through heavy snow. At the third fort they found reinforcements which enabled them to make a stand against the farther advance of the Chinese, and by means of a skilfully planned ambush to inflict some loss upon them.

Fighting went on with varied fortune, but the advantage rested with the Chinese. After some overtures had been exchanged, it was agreed that the Japanese should evacuate Seoul, and fall back upon the twelve fortresses which they had erected along the sea-coast: the Koreans on their part were to send an embassy to Taicosama; and Don Augustin returned to Japan, with the two Korean envoys and a Chinese mandarin, to explain to the Siogun how it went with his army. Eventually peace was concluded on the following conditions: the Chinese were to cede the sovereignty of five out of the eight provinces of Corea, and to open their ports to the Japanese traders, while the Emperor of China was to give his daughter in marriage to the Siogun. Considering the fortunes of the war, these terms look very favourable for Japan; but it does not appear that they were ever ratified, and the Chinese, already in danger from the Manchus, had reason to fear a prolonged war with another foe. Taicosama received Don Augustin with favour, but deprived the Christian Prince of Bungo of his kingdom for abandoning the forts.

The Jesuits are prolix about the details of the negotiations, and there was evidently much finessing on both sides. The attitude of the Chinese ambassadors is represented in the letters of the Jesuits as more yielding than in the accounts given in the Japanese annals. It seems likely that

the Fathers received direct information about the negotiations from the Christian Prince of Fingo with whom they had frequent intercourse. Knowing that Taicosama was tired of the unprofitable war in which so much blood and treasure had been wasted, Don Augustin sent a message through a Chinese named Juquequin to the Emperor at Pekin that Taicosama would be pleased to receive an embassy to treat for peace. The Siogun on his part made great preparations to entertain the Chinese ambassadors, which were interrupted by a terrible earthquake that ruined his palaces and killed many people in Nippon. Owing to this and other delays the embassy did not reach Ozaca till September, 1596. According to the Japanese accounts the Chinese envoys presented the Siogun with a crown, a robe, and a golden seal, and after a splendid banquet Taicosama ordered two learned men to read the letter from the Emperor of China, which was found to run somewhat as follows: "We specially invest you with the dignity of Ruler of Japan and have sent our commission for this purpose. We also send you a crown and a robe, so that you may be in agreement with our ancient customs. Be careful to act in a way that is worthy of your position as our minister. Be grateful for the imperial favour bestowed upon you. Follow always our orders." Taicosama waxed furious at this insolent letter. "I am already King of Nippon," he cried. "I am so alone, and if it is necessary, I shall know how to change places, making Tai-Ming my vassal." The Chinese say that Taicosama accepted the honour bestowed upon him by their Emperor, but was offended by the low rank of the Korean envoys and the meanness of their gifts. The Jesuit accounts on the other hand maintain that Taicosama, though displeased with the scanty deference of the Koreans, dismissed the Chinese envoys after having made a peace with the Emperor, and sent a message after them, which reached them at

Sacay, asking if there was any further favour which they could request. The ambassadors, anxious to make the best of the opportunity, answered that it would crown the whole negotiation if the Siogun would raze the forts and withdraw his troops from Corea.

It seems certain, however, that Taicosama was so much provoked by the Chinese embassy that he gave orders to renew the war. In the meantime the Jesuits had to suffer some persecutions in Japan, but they were not so severe or sustained as to check the work of propagandism, and the good Fathers were moreover mightily cheered by the hopes that the Christian soldiers of Don Augustin might be spreading the true faith in Corea. One Japanese cavalier was indeed so zealous in baptising the natives, that he never rode out without a servant following him with a flagon of water that he might not lack the means of performing the rite upon any children whom he met. Many of the Korean prisoners and slaves were baptised. Some boys were sent by Don Augustin to be educated by the Jesuits, and later on their names are found recorded as missionaries and martyrs. For nine years the Jesuits had managed to evade the edicts against them in a very politic manner, but Taicosama, seeing that they still persevered in their work of conversion, caused six Franciscans, three Jesuits, and fifteen lay members of the mission to be impaled alive at Nagasaki on the 3rd of January, 1597.

Meanwhile the Japanese troops had been resting secure in their fortresses along the Korean coast; and large reinforcements were now sent over to rekindle the war. The command of the whole army was given to Quindono, a cousin of the Siogun's wife. Don Augustin was ordered to act upon the sea coast, and gained a great victory over a Chinese fleet of eighty sail, while two divisions of the army advanced once more upon Seoul. The King offered to pay a yearly tribute and to give his two sons as hostages

if Taicosama would recall his army, but his offers were rejected. A Chinese force was however more persuasive, and the Japanese were compelled to fall back upon two of their forts; in one of which, Wei-Chan, near the south-west extremity of Corea, they successfully withstood an assault, killing, it is said, no less than ten thousand of the enemy. A second attack was made upon the strong position into which Don Augustin had retired, resting on the port of Ning-hai. The Chinese confess that their commander, Leou Ting, invited Hing Tchang (Don Augustin) to an entertainment in his camp. The Chinese general caused one of his officers to take his place and name, that he might with more convenience give the signal to set upon the Japanese chief, who had only fifty horsemen with him; but Don Augustin becoming suspicious, the signal was given somewhat too early. The Japanese leaped on his horse, and his attendants, forming a triangular squadron, cut their way with great slaughter through the Chinese, and got clear off. Don Augustin on his return to the fort sent Leou a woman's head-dress; whereupon the Chinese general immediately ordered an assault, only to be driven back with heavy loss. The further prosecution of the war was now slackened by the illness of Taicosama, who died on September 15th, 1598, at the age of sixty-four. A magnificent temple was raised over his tomb at Meaco, and divine honours paid to his memory. Within its walls was shown the place where were buried the ears and noses of three thousand Coreans who had been massacred at one time. He left behind him only one son, a child of six years old, whom he committed to the care of Ijejas, King of Kuantu, who was declared regent. It is said that Taicosama before he died had given orders that his troops should be withdrawn from Corea. At any rate this was soon done by Ijejas, who had other ends in view than prosecuting so wasteful an

undertaking. Two hundred thousand troops had been employed in the war, and the loss of life had been very great.

The energies of the Japanese were now engaged in a civil war in which Don Augustin took sides against Ijejas; but he was defeated, made prisoner, and beheaded, dying like a good Catholic with the words *Jesu Maria* upon his lips. Ijejas, best known in history as Daifusama, in the end got rid of Fide Jori, son of Taicosama, and founded a new line of Sioguns. Peace was made with China in 1607, but hostilities continued between Japan and Corea till 1615; and trade between the two countries was always kept under jealous restrictions.

We are informed in the *APERÇU GÉNÉRAL DES TROIS ROYAUMES*, translated from the original Japanese by Klaproth, that the miseries they endured from this invasion awoke the military spirit of the Coreans, so that they had in 1786 a formidable fleet and fourteen fortified ports. The

military governor of Tsusima, however, still held the right of keeping some hundreds of Japanese soldiers at Fusan. Europe has now been startled by the news that the descendant of the Dairis, again grasping the power of his remote ancestors, has renewed the invasion of Taicosama, and that the Manchu successors of the dynasty of Ming are gathering their hosts to meet the Japanese on the old battleground where the Chinese fought them three hundred years ago. What changes have taken place since then have been mainly for the advantage of Japan. They seem at present to have the command of the sea, and the Chinese, if obliged to send their troops by land to Corea, will be exposed to the same difficulties as the Russians were in the Crimean war. As in the days of Taicosama the Japanese have gained considerable advantages at the outset; but if the struggle be prolonged I am inclined to think that they will fail to keep the peninsula of Corea against the might of China.

WILLIAM W. IRELAND.

## GIBBON AS A SOLDIER.

You have some stain of soldier in you.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, i. 1.

On the 27th of April, 1737, was born the author of the *DECLINE AND FALL* of the most fighting nation in history; but it is with Edward Gibbon, in his capacity of an officer of infantry, that we are concerned.

What could have induced a young man of indifferent health, who up to the age of fourteen was a cripple, and who, on his own admission, never handled a gun, seldom mounted a horse, and was averse to and unfit for bodily exercise, to dream of entering a military force officered almost entirely by country gentlemen of sporting tendencies? The taste could scarcely have been hereditary, though one of his ancestors appeared in arms as a Captain in the Kent Militia at the time of the Spanish Armada, and his grandfather, who enjoyed the favour of Lord Bolingbroke for his knowledge of trade and finance, was a successful contractor to the English troops in Flanders and elsewhere. Nor is it likely that the sensation of passing through France the previous year, in the disguise of a Swiss officer, could have brought on military fever. No; in the case of Edward Gibbon it was mere chance, that motive which so often determines one's most important actions.

In 1759, when the absence from England of most of the regular troops in the Seven Years' War, and the threatening prospect of French invasion, attracted public attention to the Militia, then under process of reorganisation under the auspices of William Pitt and the Tory party, Gibbon had not long returned from a five years' absence abroad, and was deep in the study of Swift, Addison, Robertson, and Hume. At home we were practi-

cally defenceless; we could not assemble above twelve thousand men, and the towns were crowded with French prisoners. The unpopularity of the Militia ballot was wearing off, local opposition to the force was quieting down, and in lieu an enthusiasm was aroused which soon spread. Much energy was being displayed in raising the county regiments. In March the force was embodied for permanent duty on account of that expected invasion which, "though it ended in smoke," says Horace Walpole, "was seriously projected, and hung over us for great part of the summer, nor was it radically baffled till the winter following." It was at this critical period that Edward Gibbon and his father were tempted to offer their services to the King, without sufficiently reflecting upon the consequences of such a step, and little thinking that they would so soon be dragged away from their favourite occupations for a three years' military servitude.

In view of the property qualification required for a Militia commission in those days the father was appointed to the rank of Major, while the son received the post of Captain in the South Hants Militia, then commanded by the Duke of Bolton, a nobleman not over popular among his officers. Both commissions were dated the 12th of June, 1759. When the Militia drum disturbed him at his studies in the year following, and an order arrived for the permanent embodiment of the regiment, it was too late to recede, and Edward Gibbon found himself Captain of No. 1 Company when the South Hants assembled on the 4th of June, 1760, at Winchester. Instead therefore of passing



the autumn and winter at Lausanne with Voltaire and his friends, as he had proposed, he was constrained to march about the south of England at the head of his company. From June to September he was quartered at "pleasant and hospitable Blandford," with nothing particular to do beyond learning his drill, attending field-days, dining out, and keeping late hours. But between August and the end of the year the regiment was stationed respectively at Hulsea Barracks, Cranbrook in Kent, and Dover, when he appears to have taken to his duties in earnest. Within this period he had experienced the pleasures of company and battalion parades, the work of the orderly-room, guard-mounting, long marches, escorting prisoners of war, and such other details as made up the duties of an infantry officer at home a century and a quarter ago. He appears to have applied himself closely and perseveringly to acquiring a real knowledge of his profession, and to have laid the foundation of that acquaintance with military matters which proved so useful to him afterwards in writing his great work.

Captain Gibbon had in the meantime succeeded to the command of the Grenadier company, which was composed of the tallest and fittest men, in fact the best of the regiment; men who, though the heaviest and most clumsily equipped, were expected to perform the duties of light troops on all occasions, as was customary in the Prussian, Austrian, and all European armies. Looking at Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Gibbon, it is difficult to repress an involuntary smile in trying to depict his peculiar features (for he was ugly at the best of times and overlaid with fat) under one of those long conical Grenadier caps so familiar to us in Hogarth's "*March of the Guards to Finchley*." The actual cap worn by his subaltern, Lieutenant J. B. Harrison, precisely the same as that worn by the historian, is now in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall.

Gibbon was so pleased at this time with his new mode of life that he seriously contemplated transferring his services to the regular army. The novelty of the service, the field-days, the constant dining out, drinking, and late hours had prevented any serious literary reflections. "From the day we marched from Blandford," he writes in his journal, "I had hardly a moment I could call my own, almost continually in motion; if I was fixed for a day, it was in the guard-room, a barrack, or an inn. Our disputes consumed the little time I had left. Every letter, every memorial relative to them fell to my share; and our evening conferences were used to hear all the morning-hours strike." He did considerably more than his required share of duty, having volunteered for and performed with success the duties of Adjutant, which, as is well known, require close and constant application and military aptitude. Though how one who seldom mounted a horse figured as an equestrian must remain a mystery; for Gibbon was a notoriously bad rider, and (as Jackanapes said of his dear friend Tony, in Mrs. Ewing's pretty story,) his legs were bolsters. Lieutenant McCombe was the proper Adjutant of the South Hants, but, having to combine with the office the irksome duties of Quartermaster, he was in no sense averse to temporarily handing over those of Adjutant to the tender mercies of a young officer who, while a novice and obliged to learn as well as to teach, was at once keen and competent.

In his twofold capacity of acting-Adjutant and Captain of the Grenadier company, young Gibbon was evincing great interest in, and gaining considerable advantage from the study of the English military system. The discipline, interior regimental economy, the drill and tactics monopolised all his time, to the temporary banishment of all serious literary ideas from his mind. He read

the MÉMOIRES MILITAIRES of Quintus Icilius to acquire a more clear knowledge of the phalanx and the legion, while he was perfecting himself in the battalion drill of the English infantry, including its line formations, the merits of which Guichard was upholding against Folard, the advocate of the deep order of battle and of heavy columns of attack. It was this Quintus Icilius who, according to Carlyle, "taught Gibbon all he ever knew of ancient war, or at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned DECLINE AND FALL." How Guichard, a native of Magdeburg domiciled in Holland, and afterwards a Colonel under Frederick the Great, came by the name of Quintus Icilius, is thus characteristically told by the same authority: "One night, dateable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order (*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen), thereby out-flanking Pompey's people, and ruining their manœuvre and them. 'A dexterous man that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!' observed Frederick. 'Ah, yes: but excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cœcilius,' said Guichard. 'No, it was Icilius,' said the King, positive to his opinion on that small point. . . . Next day Guichard came with the book (what book nobody would ever yet tell me), and putting his finger on the passage, 'See, your Majesty, Quintus Cœcilius!' extinguished his royal opponent. 'H'm!' answered Frederick. 'So! Well, you shall be Quintus Icilius, at any rate.' And straightway had him entered on the army books as Major Quintus Icilius: his majorship is to be dated 10th April, 1758." (HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, bk. xix., ch. i.) Gibbon flattered himself, and with good cause, that, although inferior to Folard and Guichard who had seen

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service, he, with his Militia experience, was yet a "better judge than Salmatius, Casaubon, and Lipsius, mere scholars who perhaps had never seen a battalion under arms."

The drill of 1760 was, with few modifications, that introduced in 1728 and revised in 1739, in which the fighting formation, or line of battle, was in three ranks. The Grenadiers were divided into two platoons, which took their station on either flank of the line; and the battalion was told off into platoons, and divided into three fires. The attack was carried out in a very deliberate way. The "Prepare to fire" was beaten on the drum, and after firing, the march was also beaten; the pace being that known till last year as the slow march. After the fire of each set of platoons the battalion advanced. On parade, after the firings by platoons, a volley in battalion was usually fired.

In the Manual, an exercise which does not appear to have prevailed in the armies of the Greeks and Romans, and of which Gibbon would have found no mention in Guichard, there were nearly thirty separate commands. It was introduced into England about 1757, and called the Prussian system, from which, however, it differed in many respects. Many Militia battalions had modified systems of their own. Take that, for instance, of the Norfolk regiment, which was much abbreviated and therefore extensively patronised in the Militia; the Manual and Firing-exercises contained in all fifty-one words of command and a hundred and fifty-four motions, in executing which the men stood with their heels four inches apart, and were in three ranks, firing volleys alternately. In the firing-exercise "no talking, spitting, or moving about to be permitted"!

The ordinary company officers carried swords and espontoons, which were light halberds with battle-axe heads. Officers of the Grenadier company, in addition to swords, were

armed with light muskets called fusils or fusees. In marching past the fusil was carried at what would now be called the "advance" until within six paces of the saluting point, when, with a graceful motion, it was brought to the salute, a position similar to the third guard in the present bayonet-exercise; and all officers' "hats must be off just as they come over against the Reviewing Officer; and they must not bow their heads in the least, but look him full in the face."

On December 27th, 1760, the Third Buffs relieved the South Hants at Maidstone and Sissinghurst in duty over the French prisoners, and Captain Gibbon accompanied his regiment to Dover and Deal, where it remained until June 1761 exercising "in sight of the Gallic shores." During a part of March and the whole of April he was on leave of absence; and when once away from regimental duty and its surroundings his military fever showed signs of abatement. He again tasted "the pleasures of reading and thinking," and tells us, in his journal, that the hungry appetite with which he opened a volume of Tully's philosophical works "was fresh in his memory thirty years afterwards." He sighed for his "proper station in society and letters." "How often," he writes, "did I repeat the complaint of Cicero in the command of a provincial army!" He wearied of the late hours and the drinking at mess; and the constant changing of quarters (four different moves in as few months) he found unendurable. Even the drill was beginning to feel monotonous, and like a child tired of a new toy he exclaims, "The charm was over, and I was sick of so hateful a service."

But a change was in store for the Militia Captain. The monotony of garrison life at Dover was to be relieved by an encampment on Winchester Downs. On June 25th, 1761, his regiment went under canvas, along with six others, under the command

of Lieut.-General the Earl of Effingham. In addition to the South Hants under Sir Thomas Worsley, there were the Thirty-fourth of the Line, commanded by Colonel, afterwards Field-Marshal, Lord Frederick Cavendish, brother of the fourth Duke of Devonshire; the Berkshire Militia under Colonel Sir Willoughby Aston; the Dorset under Colonel George Pitt, better known later as the diplomatist Lord Rivers; the North and South Gloucester commanded by Colonel Norborne Berkeley, M.P., created Lord Bottetourt, of whom we read in the Memoirs of the well-known Mrs. Delany as making "as good a figure at the head of his Militia-men as he used to do at his election-balls"; the Wiltshire, under Lord Bruce, afterwards created Earl of Ailesbury, completed the force. Camp life put fresh vitality into Gibbon. The bustle and incessant duty was more like real soldiering than anything he had yet experienced. The presence of so many regiments and the consciousness of defects stimulated a healthy emulation. "We improved our time and opportunities in morning and evening field-days; and in the general reviews the South Hampshire were rather a credit than a disgrace to the line." Indeed such an impression had the camp made upon him that he alludes to it in his journal "as the most splendid and useful scene of our life."

On October 21st, after a four months' encampment, the South Hants left Winchester for the "populous and disorderly town" of Devizes; and, if the French General Foy's maxim that "the secret of war lies in the legs" is of any value, the regiment is entitled to some credit for having performed the entire distance, close upon thirty miles, before three o'clock the same day. At Devizes, when not on regimental duty, Gibbon remained alone in his lodgings for the next three months in comparative quiet, never once dining or sleeping out of his quarters. The little civility of the county families, indeed, gave him no

opportunity of dining out, and he devoted all his spare time to literary work. He read Homer, Strabo, Cicero, Beausobre, wrote a dissertation on the succession of Naples, and published his *ESSAI SUR L'ÉTUDE DE LA LITTÉRATURE*; and in summing up his year's work he confesses that he was not dissatisfied.

After a month's leave of absence spent at Beriton in studying the life of his new hero, Sir Walter Raleigh, he rejoined the regiment in time to accompany it to Salisbury on February 28th, 1762. A week later the South Hants was moved for the second time to his beloved Blandford, with companies detached at Fareham and Forton guarding French prisoners. On June 2nd the regiment marched in two divisions to the "fashionable resort of Southampton," where, for the next six months, the colours were fixed. Gibbon was rather fond of alluding to the colours, doubtless because, in his capacity of Captain of the Grenadier company, it was his duty to escort them on all occasions; and perhaps the respect paid to them by soldiers reminded him of what he had read of the veneration inspired among the Roman Legions by their sacred standards or eagles. The expression "fixing the colours," applies to the custom, then in force in all camps, and probably in barracks, of fixing the colours of a regiment in a stand in front of the quarter-guard, where they remained flying throughout the day, with two sentries posted over them.

It was known at this time that a camp would be formed at Winchester in the coming summer, and Gibbon, with every faith in his own capacity, used his best endeavours to get appointed Brigade-Major to Lord Eflingham, commanding the district. Certainly no officer would have applied for such an appointment who was not possessed of more than ordinary military aptitude. Unfortunately he was too late in the field; so taking advantage of the period of inactivity,

during which the recruiting of the regiment would be carried on, Gibbon retired to Beriton on three months' leave of absence, and meditated on several literary undertakings. Before, however, coming to any resolution, he had to rejoin the battalion, which had in the meantime been almost resuscitated. The three years' service of the original rank and file having expired, they were discharged, and their places filled by raw country lads raised in Hampshire by the ballot. Such progress was, however, made in their drill and discipline that in a very short time this unshapely mass had been transformed into a regiment which compared more than favourably with the Line battalions with which it came into contact. Both the Line and Militia were on permanent duty, and it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive the latter, with its ranks filled by simple countrymen of good physique, vigorous and steady, being superior in most respects to the undesirable characters enlisted in the towns, cities, and even jails. The transformation of a yokel into a smart soldier is a tedious process; but, as in the days of the Roman Legion, when preference was given to recruits from the country in the north, he has generally in the end turned out the best bargain. The Hampshire Militiaman of Gibbon's day was just such an individual as Cowper humorously describes in the country clown, who—

Is balloted, and trembles at the news.  
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbles  
swears

A Bible-oth to be whate'er they please,  
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,

That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,  
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.  
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,  
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected  
looks,

Procure him many a curse. By slow  
degrees,  
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn  
stuff,

He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,  
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it  
well.

He stands erect, his slouch becomes a walk,  
 He steps right onward, martial in his air,  
 His form and movement ; is as smart above  
 As meal and larded locks can make him ;  
 wears  
 His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a  
 grace ;  
 And, his three years of heroship expired,  
 Returns indignant to the slighted plough.  
 He hates the field in which no fife or  
 drum  
 Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,  
 And sighs for the smart comrades he has  
 left.

When Gibbon returned to regimental duty at Southampton in the summer of 1762 the neighbourhood presented unusual military activity, for Lord Effingham had under his command some artillery, the Fourteenth Regiment, the Berkshire, the North and South Gloucestershire, and the Wiltshire Regiments of Militia, as in the previous year ; and the West Essex under Colonel William Harvey, the Lancashire under Viscount Strange, and the Bucks Militia to the command of which the notorious John Wilkes (who was gaining an unpleasant celebrity through means of his journal the *NORTH BRITON*) had just been promoted. The popular Sir Thomas Worsley had rejoined from sick leave and resumed command of the South Hants. He appears to have been a genial country gentleman of some good qualities. He was a smart commanding officer, could shoot woodcock, could sit up talking till midnight with the youngest of his mess, and was not indifferent to the charms of port and brandy. His officers, to show their pleasure at his return, toasted him in bumpers till late in the evening, "Sir Thomas assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely soberer he was grown." Of course the next morning Gibbon was unfit for study, and confesses to have "felt the usual consequences of Sir Thomas's company."

As regularly as the days were spent in military duty, the evenings were devoted to the conviviality which

found favour in the smart military mess of the last century ; evidently something after Dr. Johnson's style, claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. The South Hants were no exception ; drinking and late hours, sometimes in "rustic" company, and upon other occasions in society in which joviality and wit were abundant, were of daily occurrence. It is not surprising to learn that John Wilkes was often one of Gibbon's boon companions at the mess of the South Hants. One of these visits is thus described in his journal. "23rd September, 1762. — Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamshire Militia, dined with us, and renewed the acquaintance Sir Thomas and myself had begun with him at Reading. I scarcely ever met with a better companion ; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge. . . . He told us himself, that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune. Upon this noble principle he has connected himself closely with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, commenced a public adversary to Lord Bute, whom he abuses weekly in the *NORTH BRITON* and other political papers in which he is concerned. This proved a very debauched day. We drank a good deal both after dinner and supper ; and when at last Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed." The conversation upon these occasions would doubtless have turned upon the heated correspondence going on between Wilkes and Lord Talbot as to the former's authorship of the *NORTH BRITON* of August 21st. Wilkes declined to be catechised but offered his opponent the "satisfaction becoming a gentleman" ; the outcome of which was a duel, essentially a military duel, in which they met at Bagshot. Lord Talbot, who was Colonel of the Glamorganshire Militia, had for his second Colonel Norborne Berkeley of the North Gloucester, while Wilkes,



Colonel of the Buckinghamshire,<sup>1</sup> was supported by his Adjutant, In an account of the duel, drawn up by Wilkes as soon as it was over and dated from the Red Lion at Bagshot, he says: "We left the inn, and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone very bright; both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to Lord Talbot, and told him that I now avowed the papers. His Lordship desired that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great good humour and much laugh."

On October 5th Gibbon went to Winchester to witness a review by Lord Effingham of the six regiments in the camp. With commendable military curiosity he counted the files as they marched past, and it will amuse commanding officers of to-day to read of the amazement which he expressed that, out of an establishment of 3,600, only 1,821 men were on parade, the remainder being employed upon various duties. "This deficiency, though exemplified in every regiment I have seen, is an extraordinary phenomenon." This phenomenon is as visible, unfortunately, in 1894 as it was in 1762. What with drafts to the sister battalion, and with men taken away from their legitimate duties for employment as servants, orderlies, cooks, guards, and sentries, a Line battalion at home is fortunate in getting half its establishment on parade. Indeed to such an extent is the evil carried that commanding officers' parades have been seen in which the band was stronger than the whole of the rest of the parade.

Gibbon's embodied service was now drawing to a close, for peace had been

signed at Fontainebleau on November 3rd, and ratifications exchanged at Versailles on the 22nd of the month, so that the services of the Militia were no longer required for permanent duty. The South Hants having received a Royal Warrant ordering the disembodiment of the regiment, the companies were called together and proceeded to Southampton. On December 17th Captain Gibbon's company of Grenadiers met the second division of the Fourteenth Regiment at Alresford, where he entertained their officers to dinner, with the usual consequences that the evening was "rather a drunken one." On the following morning the two regiments paraded to march to their respective destinations, an occasion which offered the opportunity for a comparison of the merits of the two services, much to the advantage of the Militia. "Our two corps paraded to march off: they, an old corps of regulars, who had been two years quiet in Dover Castle; we, part of a young body of Militia, two-thirds of our men recruits of four months' standing, two of which they had passed upon very disagreeable duty. Every advantage was on their side, and yet our superiority, both as to appearance and discipline, was so striking, that the most prejudiced regular could not have hesitated a moment." With all his misgivings it was not without a touch of sadness that Gibbon gazed for the last time upon his regiment: "We had got a fine set of new men; all our difficulties were over; we were perfectly well clothed and appointed; and from the progress our recruits had already made, we could promise ourselves that we should be one of the best Militia corps by next summer." On December 18th the South Hants was disembodied. It was one of the thirty-nine regiments which received the King's bounty, and shared in the thanks offered by Parliament to the Militia for their services during the war.

<sup>1</sup> On May 4th, 1763, Colonel Wilkes was removed from the command of his regiment, and Lord Temple from the office of Lord Lieutenant of the County, for countenancing him.

My lord, our army is dispersed already ;  
 Like youthful steers, unyoked, they take  
 their courses,  
 East, west, north, south, or, like a school  
 broke up,  
 Each hurries towards his home and start-  
 ing place.

In December 1762, Captain Edward Gibbon was promoted to the rank of Major, and annually for the next eight years he attended the training of his regiment at Southampton, though for some time he had contemplated retiring from the service. In 1770, by the death of his friend Sir Thomas Worsley, he succeeded to the command of the regiment ; but the cause of his remaining in the South Hants so long had departed with the death of his old friend. Officers of the present day who have experienced the monotony of a Militia training year after year in the same county town will not be surprised that it had its due effect upon a man of Gibbon's literary tastes. The death of his father in the same year determined his mind, and he resigned the command of the regiment in which he had served for eleven years.

There is usually a tendency to under-rate Gibbon's military experiences. It is not sufficiently considered that, when embodied for service during the Seven Years' War, a Militia regiment was in exactly the same position as a regiment of the Line on service at home ; and if any just comparison were drawn between the respective merits of the two services, the Militia would not have suffered. The South Hants was in no sense a phenomenal regiment ; but it is noticeable that, however much Gibbon may have condemned the drinking tendency of the times, in which, by the by, he appears

to have taken his share, he never alludes to the efficiency of his regiment otherwise than in terms of commendation. That it improved his health, widened his knowledge of people generally, and gave him a field of military experience, we have on his own admission. He was evidently an officer of more than ordinary intelligence, and possessed some military aptitude. He went beyond the requirements of an infantry captain by closely studying the language and science of tactics ; indeed all that pertained to the serious side of soldiering he studied with a perseverance which might have been expected of a man who wrote his memoirs nine times before he was satisfied. While acquiring personal experience he was studying the campaigns of all the great masters of the art of war, in exactly the manner which Napoleon half a century later laid down as the only means of becoming a great captain. Few people will deny the superiority of narratives of operations by men of military experience over those of mere civilians. However thrilling may be the description of a battle by the latter, it is more the result of a skilful appeal to the imagination than to any conviction that we are reading what really happened. There can be no doubt that Gibbon was amply justified in his modest estimate of the value of his own military training : "The discipline and evolution of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire."

R. HOLDEN.

## AN OLD-WORLD PARSON.

THE reign of Elizabeth saw the completion of the Reformation in England. But no general measure of reform suits all the parties affected, and the reorganisation of the National Church was followed by the birth of Puritanism. The Calvinistic Articles, the Popish Liturgy, and the Arminian Clergy, as by law appointed, did not please the sterner reformers, and many eminent preachers refused to take orders in consequence. Some called the Liturgy an emanation from the "Man of Sin." Others said the robes of the bishops were "dish-clouts of the Scarlet Woman." To all of these the order of service in the book of Common Prayer was distasteful. It cannot be said that these dissentients agreed among themselves; indeed they were only united in their protest against the common foe. The names they lavishly bestowed upon one another were by no means complimentary, and the slightest blossom of independence was blasted by the threats of everlasting fire. One of the most pathetic chapters in Fuller's *CHURCH HISTORY OF BRITAIN* describes these early differences in the camp of the reformers.

But in the latter half of the sixteenth century the parson was a man of might. Distinguished from the prevailing foppery by the sombre hues of his dress, he had great authority in his parish. He was in fact *the person*, as his official name implies. He could call parochial sinners to the stool of repentance. His was the first nose to scent out heresy, and his hand the heaviest to repress freedom of thought. He was not usually the delicate, ethereal-looking, black-coated being of to-day, but a vigorous, burly, independent man. His clothes were indeed black, but of a more artistic

pattern than those of his present day descendant. He commonly wore his cassock, with an under-coat, and a frill round his neck. Sometimes his hat was broad-brimmed; at other times he wore a skull-cap, or a cap something of the nature of a cardinal's. His pace was solemn and his port stately, yet he loved a hearty and somewhat broad jest, and his presence almost always graced rustic revelry. His speech in and out of the pulpit was plain and direct, though he did sometimes interlard his discourses with Greek and Latin quotations. He knew his Bible, that is the translation known as Cranmer's Great Bible, and his sermons were from an hour to two hours long.

The patience of the hearers must have been vast in those days. When a very worthy divine of to-day remarked to the present writer that "People would listen to Mr. Gladstone for two hours, whereas they would not listen to a sermon for half an hour," his answer was, "We may thank heaven that we have not to listen to Mr. Gladstone twice every Sunday." But in the time when there were no newspapers and books were scanty, the church was the place whither men went not merely for worship but for information. The preacher was a learned man who set forth his learning before his hearers, and they listened or indeed slept. A witty but wicked old gentleman once said, "The preacher took for his text, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' so I slept!" And we fear that many did sleep; but whether they slept or not they were obliged to come to church, else they were fined a shilling. And when they were once there, they were at the mercy of the parson, who both sternly and even individually denounced

their sins, while he kept them a long time listening to his denunciations. The modern divine may well envy the liberty of speech of his early predecessors; but if he be wise he will not imitate their license in this respect.

Such a parson was Henry Smith, — a name which has a familiar sound, a person who is almost entirely forgotten. Yet he was a great preacher in his day, great alike in length and fervour, but by no means great in breadth. His sermons have a wonderful ring of truth and prejudice about them, and a clear literary style. The old quarto volume which contains them has a quaint portrait of a delicate, ascetic face based upon a ruff. The eyes are large and bright, the nose strong and characteristic; the mouth, covered with the usual moustache and imperial, small but firm, and the forehead broad and ample. Underneath is the legend, "The lively Portraiture of the Reverend and Learned Minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. Henry Smith." On the opposite page is an ample title surmounting a curly tailed dog with his tongue out between two top and two bottom teeth. He has three whiskers on the end of his nose, four claws on one fore-foot, two on the other, and three on each of the hind feet. This must certainly be a type of the preacher as the watchful dog ready to lift up his voice, when the devil assailed the Christian fold. This duty devolved upon the Angel Gabriel when Mohammed was born, who kept the Arch-Enemy away from the sacred cradle by throwing stones at him.

The book of Henry Smith's sermons is dedicated to Lord Burleigh, though its various parts were not collected till 1657. It is a small fat quarto of nearly a thousand pages, bound in old calf, now fast cracking beneath the weight of divinity which it contains. After the dedication follows a life of the author purporting to have been written for the volume by Thomas Fuller, but which is only an extension

of the life of the preacher as it appeared in the *CHURCH HISTORY*. When Fuller became eminent as a man of letters, his name or a few lines from his pen were often used to make a doubtful book successful. The substance of the narrative is here given.

Henry Smith "was born at Withcock in the County of Leicester, of a Worshipful Family (and elder brother to Sir Robert Smith, still surviving)" about 1560. In his *CHURCH HISTORY* Fuller calls the younger brother Sir Roger Smith. Our divine "was bred in the famous University of Oxford, where he stayed until he was plentifully furnished with all humane Arts and Sciences." This mental furniture he determined to use in the service of the Church. But being "unsatisfied in the point of subscription, he had not any pastoral charge, but became lecturer at St. Clement's Danes." This was the church where Fuller some forty or fifty years afterwards became lecturer, when he was "silenced." Hither Henry Smith drew large and distinguished congregations, and "was commonly called the Silver-tongued Smith, being but one metal in price and purity beneath St. Chrysostom himself." His character was of remarkable strength and sweetness, and he died early from consumption about the year 1600.

Thus far Fuller, who was undoubtedly attracted to Smith because of his success in curing one Robert Dickons, a dreamer of dreams. His declaration on this point is so little known, and at the same time so interesting, that it is quoted in its entirety. It follows an eloquent sermon entitled *THE LOST SHEEP FOUND*.

*The Declaration of Henry Smith, to the Lord Judges, how he found, and how he left Robert Dickons.*

When I came first to Mansfield with your Honour's precept, I found this Robert Dickons in these and like opinions, which he presumed he would hold unto death. He said that he had seen three visions by an Angel, which showed him strange things, promised him rare gifts

and power to come. He said that the Angel called him Elias, whereupon he affirmed that the prophecy of Malachi remains to be fulfilled in him. He said that the Angel told him, that he should be a Leper two years, and a Bondman eight years. He avouched that his father should be cast over into ignorance, and that all he had should perish. He avouched, that there should be neither battle nor dearth in his country for eight years, which is the time of his service. He pretended that after two years, his time should come to preach, and that no man should be able to confound him. But before I left him (as the Word of God doth always exercise his natural power), he pronounced before us all, 'Now I am converted by Scripture'; whereupon he requested me to set down his recantation, which he uttered in these words.

*The Confession of Robert Dickons upon the first day's examination.*

"I did believe my visions to be true before I heard the Scriptures prove the contrary, and now I esteem them but a delusion of Satan. Therefore I desire to be set to learning for my own salvation, and for the edifying of my brethren. Witnesses: Wil. Dabridgecourt, Esquire, Henry Smith, Edward Inanims, Wil. Whaly, Hugh Peace, his Master, and a number more.—ROBERT DICKONS."

This I trust he spake unfeignedly: and for so much as his desire to learn is commendable, and his gifts not common to men of his degree, as your wisdom shall better see if you talk with him alone, I leave this motion to your Honour's good consideration, which can best judge how to quench, or how to kindle such sparks.

*The lost sheep is found.—HENRY SMITH.*

*Robert Dickons' confession upon my second examination, wherein he declareth, that he had no visions at all but that he coined them, and to what end.*

*The matter of the first Vision.*—"I did see upon Valentine's Day was eight years, green leaves, which was strange in Winter, for which cause I brought them home, and the leaves of the same oak in Summer became red; it chanced at the same time to thunder and lighten, after this I was visited as please God, for two years."

*The matter of the second Vision.*—"Four years after I dreamed much like to the matter of the first Vision, and the same night it chanced to lighten. (Yet of this I take God to be my Judge), I found a leaf printed in my chamber next morning, with those six sentences, saving only the first line: which leaf, unless it was lost

out of my fellow's books, I know not how it came."

*The matter of the third Vision.*—"This time twelve months, I saw a light in the shop above, whereat I was astonished, and imagining with myself what it should mean, it came into my head to tell my fellows, which came in and found me afraid, that I had seen an Angel in a flame of fire, which called me Elias, and bade me write all that I had seen and heard. Hereupon I, remembering my former sights and dreams, thought to make me strange unto men, and so turned all that which I had seen, as if God had showed me visions. To this confession I take God for my Judge, as I shall be saved in the latter day, but to the other I never swore, though I was never so often examined.—ROBERT DICKONS."

Upon this he yielded up his books into my hands, which I have and keep; and now he hath nothing to show for that false title.—HENRY SMITH.

This extract is interesting in these days of psychical research, and is, we believe, for the first time reprinted from the 1642 edition of the sermons entitled *THE LOST SHEEP IS FOUND*. Whether Robert Dickons were merely an impostor or a sensitive and imaginative youth cannot now be decided at the distance of over three centuries. But in those days, when the sects of Puritanism were gradually working themselves into shape, many people did see or profess to see visions. Thus they won no small reputation among the simple, wonder-loving folk with whom they associated. These visions were the glory of the sect to which the seer belonged, though it must be confessed that they were ascribed to the machinations of Satan by the members of other sects less favoured. But visions might also be proofs of heresy, and the sleuth-hounds of Protestant heresy-hunters were to the full as keen-scented and as fierce as their Romanist predecessors. Death was not usually inflicted unless treason accompanied heresy, in which case many political villains became Romanist martyrs.

It was then no agreeable fate to be examined before a court of magistrates



certainly not very learned, but who none the less had a high opinion of their sapience, and before a deeply-learned preacher, whose perceptions were strained to the utmost pitch of keenness. Such a tribunal was likely enough to banish the most harmless visions out of any man's head. Fear is an admirable corrective to love of ill-deserved fame. Now the civil power could and did threaten material fire on earth with an attentive and more or less sympathetic crowd of spectators, while the preacher promised the immaterial fire of hell, before the wholly unsympathetic multitude of the damned. Between two such alternatives,—nay, he might be consigned to both at once—the luckless culprit would be only too ready to rid himself of his baggage of dreams. The rats leave a sinking ship, and visions, no matter how authentic, shudder from the sight of a man who is destined to be twice burned. Fire purifies metals of dross, and its threat purges the timorous mind of visions.

The scene vividly presents itself from the past. There is the squire's dining-hall, decorated perchance by a few family portraits and by trophies of the chase. At the smooth oak-table the four worthy laymen are seated with puzzled, inquisitive faces. With them is the silver-tongued Smith, by his stern questions smiting terror into the heart of the dreamer of dreams. A silver-tongued orator can be a terrible inquisitor. What wonder if he made the hapless victim, even if he had seen visions, swear that he had not? Fear is a strong impulse to cowardice, and Robert Dickons was no doubt bowed to the ground with fear. However, he confessed himself to be an impostor. Whether or not he was so cannot be certainly affirmed, but his visions were at least very harmless. Be that as it may, the whole investigation gives a graphic picture of the undoubting credulity of the last years of Elizabeth's reign. Many no doubt believed that the simple apprentice-lad was an inspired

person until the powerful clergyman destroyed their belief, for the power of the clergy was immense; they were giants in those days. This experience of Henry Smith's undoubtedly attracted Fuller's attention, who was personally acquainted with the preacher's brother, Sir Robert or Sir Roger Smith, from whom he had the information. Whether or not Henry Smith had any more such experiences, no other are recorded, and the one set down by himself is therefore valuable and very rare.

But a preacher's life is made up mainly of thought and words, and both the thought and words of Henry Smith are rich and powerful. He was a learned, keen, and witty preacher, who never wrapped up his talent in a napkin. Those who are used to the less pungent and more indirect style of to-day will wonder at his boldness; but the preachers of the Puritan period were in the habit of saying what they meant with great freedom. Queen Elizabeth might interrupt the Bishop of Chichester as he preached at her with the fierce words, "By God, Sir, I will unfrock you!" but she was the Queen and the bishop her very humble servant. No country squire or city magnate could do so with impunity; nay, if he ventured on interruption, he would be set on the stool of repentance, a spectacle to gods and men, and, what is worse, to women. The rest of the congregation were equally patient under the most withering denunciations, and their only refuge was sleep. That some of them did take this refuge is certain from Fuller's remark in his *HOLY AND PROFANE STATES*. "'Tis a shame when the Church itself is the *Cemeteryum*, wherein the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath." How they could sleep under such awful lashings it is not easy to say; though it has been whispered that some husbands can sleep during the nocturnal reproaches of a shrew.

Henry Smith was to the full as plain-spoken as any of his brethren.

He must have made the ears tingle and the hearts throb of many of his hearers by his pointed and personal rebukes. His book opens with what he calls a "Preparative to Marriage," which is full of wise and pungent sayings. Believing as all the Puritans did that woman in the Garden of Eden was the source of all our woes, while doubtless he loved the individual woman, he spoke with much severity of the sex. He took and enforced with no little power and hardly less prejudice the Pauline view of the submission of women. This is not the place to dispute whether in actual practice or not the women of those days did not then as now for the most part rule. The Virgin Queen certainly did, with some violence and not a little profanity. Suffice it to say that our preacher did not hold the view that the softer sex should rule. His remarks to women appear to come from that high sense of wifely subjection which is the fond dream of the inexperienced bachelor. Had he had the experience of a worthy Scottish divine he might have been less positive. The worthy doctor entered a house where the husband and wife were struggling on the floor. "Wha's the head of this house?" he inquired. The man quietly replied: "Sit yersel' doon, mon, sit yersel' doon; we're just trying to settle that the noo."

We have failed to discover whether Henry Smith was married, but his written words make it highly improbable. In speaking of the signs of a good wife, he says, echoing the aphorism of Euripides: "The third sign is her speech or rather her silence, for the ornament of a woman is silence; and therefore the Law was given to the Man rather than to the Woman, to shew that he should be the teacher, and she the hearer. As the echo answereth but one, for many which are spoken to her, so a maid's answer should be in a word, for she which is full of talk is not likely to prove a quiet wife." In one instance

every young man will sympathise with the preacher when he says, "A maid's answer should be in a word," and that is when she is expected to, and generally does, say "Yes." But to pronounce such a statement as the one just quoted is to take an unfair advantage of the pulpit, for it would at least provoke controversy in the breasts of more than half of the hearers. Some of them beyond a doubt would have liked to follow the example of the illustrious Jennie Geddes, and hurl a stool at the speaker's head. In Whalley Church the old monks showed a truer perception of the proprieties. On one of the *misereres* is carved an illustration of domestic submission. In this case the good wife is belabouring her husband with a frying-pan, a weapon of much use, as it covers so much ground, or rather body. Our author, in spite of observation, or perhaps in consequence thereof, strongly affirms the necessity that the wife should not "answer again" her husband,—not even with a frying-pan—concluding his exhortation with a fine sentence on silence: "Therefore they which keep silence are well said to hold their peace, because silence oftentimes doth keep the peace, when words break it." Neither husband nor wife can dispute the truth of this counsel, and all would do well to lay it to heart.

Our preacher speaks with much eloquence of the blessings of a good wife, but he has a wholesome horror of a bad one. He condemns those who make foolish or hasty marriages in no measured terms, and gives them the following sarcastic advice: "If a man long for a bad wife, he were best to go to hell a-wooing, that he may have choice."

There is just this consideration in favour of the above quotation. If the majority are doomed to that part of the torrid zone, there will naturally be more of the softer than of the sterner sex down below, as their numbers are superior on earth. But

it is no part of our object to defend Silver-tongued Smith, who, if he had a modicum of truth on his side, was certainly not gallant. Still he does not spare the husband, though stern to the wife, and whether married or not, he shows a keen sense of the possibility of connubial bliss. But all his advice to the husband is based on the dubious axiom of his certain supremacy. For all that, to read him carefully would be a wholesome corrective to some of those unwomanly women who believe man to be a mistake because he has not made the mistake of falling in love with them.

He (that is Henry Smith, not man in general,) has not much sympathy with female dress, which, though the male dress was extravagant, certainly outdid that. Speaking of Adam and Eve he says: "They covered themselves with leaves, and God derided them; but now they cover themselves with pride, like Satan which is fallen down before them like lightning. Ruffle upon ruffle, lace upon lace, cut upon cut, four and twenty orders, until the woman be not so precious as her apparel; that if any man would picture vanity, he must take a pattern of a woman, or else he cannot draw her likeness." It must be owned that the finery so pitilessly denounced is often not unbecoming. Some of the good parson's hearers might blush as they listened, and go home resolved to repent; and on Monday go forth to buy a new head-tire. Still it is exasperating to have these small sins denounced from the pulpit; and had the preacher not been protected by the sentiment of the times, the fate of Pentheus might have been his.

Having spoken at length of the duties of the husband to the wife, of the wife to the husband, and of both to their servants, he speaks of the children. Here he gives much good advice, amid which he says with point in more senses than one: "Well doth David call children arrows: for if they be well bred, they shoot at their

parent's enemies; and if they be evil bred, they shoot at their parents." These words express a profound and pathetic truth, which is every day adding illustrations to the volume of experience. Leaving the children, our author says a few wise words about the closeness of the relations of married life, and concludes an admirable address (though somewhat of the longest) with a prayer for the happiness of the newly-wedded couple. The whole is very quaint, full of pith and prejudice, sound sense and quiet humour. It would be useful for all about to be married to read the wise words, and would form a better guide to future comfort than that much belauded work, *HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN MARRIED*.

Smith's sermons do not all relate to matrimony, but to every season and walk of life. He has an admirable discourse entitled *A GLASS FOR DRUNKARDS*. So quaint a title naturally suggests an equally quaint treatment of the subject, and the reader is not disappointed. But the glass is full of a bitter tonic, with a taste nevertheless of quaint old humour in it. Noah, the discoverer of wine, is presented as an example of sin and repentance. No more naïve description of the patriarch could be found than the following, which is infinitely dramatic: "It is said that drunken porters keep open gates; so when Noah was drunken, he set all open; as wine went in, so wit went out; as wit went out, so his clothes went off. Thus Adam which began the world at first, was made naked with sins, and Noah which began the world again is made naked with sin, to show that sin is no shrouder, but a stripper." The whole of this glass is indeed full of excellent liquor, if the expression, which is undoubtedly appropriate, may be used without offence. Keen, invigorating, sparkling, and bitter, the draught is most refreshing. One of the thoughts admirably paraphrases the proverb of "One man's meat another man's poison" with

more truth to morals perhaps than to nature. "There is a wise eye, and there is a foolish eye. The wise eye is like the bee, which gathereth honey of every weed; the foolish eye is like the spider, which gathereth poison of every flower." One more pointed epigram is found in this discourse, and having quoted it the glass may be left for drunkards to drain. "As the eye seeth all things and cannot see itself, so we see other men's faults, but not our own." A more excellent simile could hardly be found than this, and it has the advantage, not always common to preachers, of illustrating a deep truth and being at the same time intelligible.

Henry Smith has two powerful discourses on *THE ART OF HEARING*, which, as he says, "teaches a way to remember sermons or counsel afterwards, as well as presently, and how every sermon shall take away some corruption from the hearer." Nor were these unnecessary at a time when sermons lasted at least an hour, and oftener two. Still some of the remarks may apply to us, who weary in listening for twenty minutes. Do not these words exactly describe a modern as well as an old-world congregation? "Another cometh to muse; so soon as he is set, he falleth into a brown study; sometimes his mind runs on his market, sometimes on his journey, sometimes on his suit, sometimes on his dinner, sometimes on his sport after dinner; and the sermon is done before the man thinks where he is. Another cometh to hear, but so soon as the preacher hath said his prayer he falls fast asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher should preach at his funeral." Truly Henry Smith had much knowledge of human nature, which three centuries have not changed so greatly in this respect. But he does not confine his censure to the laity; he speaks forcibly to his clerical brethren, to whom he says with much wisdom: "Therefore let every preacher first see how his notes do move

himself, and then he shall have comfort to deliver them to others, like an experienced medicine, which himself hath proved." Alas, if preachers all followed this rule, and quacks proved their own medicines, what a vast amount of spiritual as well as bodily sickness would be banished from life!

But our preacher's sermons are seductive, like a half-wild garden which contains many weeds but some rare and choice flowers. To cull a nosegay of these is a delightful occupation, but it must not prevent us from looking at his celebrated tract *GOD'S ARROW AGAINST ATHEISM AND IRRELIGION*. This once well-known pamphlet now lies in the drowsy couch of oblivion; but in spite of its narrowness it will repay perusal to-day. Here only a brief survey of its contents, with an occasional quotation, can be given. The author first of all shows by various arguments that "there is a God, and that He ought to be worshipped." Next he goes on to prove that Christianity is the only true religion of the world. On this he expends much learning, and uses the Bible with an aptness only equalled by that of Thomas Fuller, for the Bible is "*God's Arrow against Atheists*." From this point he advances to the attack and overthrow of Mahommed. Herein he shows much prejudice as well as great learning, and recounts all the old-world slanders against the Prophet of Mecca. For instance, he says that one day Mahommed, at dinner with his friends "Felt, his wonted sickness approaching, and made haste forth saying he must needs depart to confer with the Angel Gabriel, and go aside, lest his glorious presence should be an occasion of their deaths; forth he went, and remembering that a soft place was best for his falling-sickness, down he fell upon a dunghill." Here swine attacked him and his wife saved him. These stories of Mahommed's life are told with much ancient waggishness. Smith knew well enough what a powerful argu-

ment ridicule was, and he shreds the pretence of the Koran to be an absolute revelation with the merciless shears of ridicule, concluding with a vehement denunciation of Islam.

Having in his own view demolished Mahommed, he proceeds to subject the Church of Rome to the same rigorous treatment. Tearing the garments of its ceremonies into tatters, he goes on to prove the fallibility of the Church, and to pour contempt on the alleged Papal infallibility. Next he puts out the paler fires of purgatory with a mighty stream of quotations from the Christian Fathers. Then in defiance of his own mental constitution he turns out Free-will into the cold, along with the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Pope next is unfrocked, and St. Peter's chair rudely overthrown, with Indulgences, Traditions, Images, Justification by Works, and what not. Finally (and of course), he proves the Pope to be Antichrist. This chapter of the work is copious and learned, full of humour and overflowing with eloquence. And yet Mahommedanism flourishes, and the Papal tiara is still respected by many millions. Lastly, Puritan as he was, he attacked the tendency of Puritanism to split up into sects. This is the briefest and not the most powerful section of a learned and weighty treatise. In its own day it was highly valued; but to-day thought has changed, and it is only to be found in a rare volume or in casual reprints.

As a controversialist, as has been said, Henry Smith was a doughty opponent. His learning was great and his resources numerous. His knowledge and use of the Bible were full and felicitous, and a shrewd English common sense, with a homely English humour and a capital power of illustration, made him a strong and skilful adversary. He was not quite

forty when he died. Some of his later discourses, such as *THE SONG OF SIMEON*, have a touching consciousness of his approaching end. He was a man of sound learning and rigid orthodoxy. As a preacher he well deserved the name of Silver-tongued Smith. He attracted great crowds by his pungent wit and his eloquence. What he had to say, he said with a directness which was as fearless as it was wonderful. We can well imagine the delight and terror with which he was heard in those early days of Protestantism. A Puritan he lived and died; yet all evidence shows that his private life was tender and sweet, as all the prayers which he has left are full of devotion.

As we read this time-worn volume, we can almost see the thin figure of the preacher with his massive brow and earnest eyes. The silver tones of his voice ring in our ears, and we hear words which as exactly apply to ourselves as they did to those who once trembled as they heard. A man of substance who gave himself to self-sacrificing work, we cannot but admire his spirit of consecration. He has long left the earth; but the volume, which was published fifty-seven years after his death, remains, and it is very full of life. It has the defects as the virtues of its day. Parts are no doubt as dry as the dust which covers it. But there is a nervous power, a vital earnestness about the man, which commands our respectful admiration, and his quiet humour shows that with all his prejudices he must have been very lovable. A column of uprightness he lived, a warder of the beacon-fire of individual earnestness he died.

Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-fire is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill!



## TRACED HOMEWARDS.

SOME genius lately discovered that "What the dickens?" is older than the author of *PICKWICK*, since it occurs in Gay's *BEGGAR'S OPERA*. Had he pursued his investigations he might have found it to be older than Gay; since it occurs in the *MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*, iii. 2., where Mrs. Page, in answer to Ford's "Whence had you this pretty weathercock?" (to wit Falstaff's page Robin) replies: "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?" Quoth Robin, "Sir John Falstaff." Meanwhile, far be it from us to assert that the phrase in question cannot be traced to a remoter source. Hence our wary heading, "Traced Homewards," not "Home."

Indeed the wight who should undertake to trace home the scores of phrases we daily use without, in most cases, even the faintest inkling whence they hail, would need the life of a Methuselah and a memory of a hundred-Porson power. Being in both of those respects no richer than our "even Christian" in broadcloth and the Queen's highway, we here speak under correction, as the lawyers say when modest; and we shall feel deeply thankful to any one who will be good enough to lead us nearer to the source of any of the "old-said saws" herein handled. One of them is Spenser's, "To kirk the narre, from God more farre"; which his own Thomalin declares to have been an "old-said sawe" in *his* day, and which was doubtless first aimed at the monks of old. It occurs in *THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR* for July, and is obviously the parent of Dean Swift's "Near the church, and far from God,"—which, by the by, a friend once most unkindly hurled at us when we

told him we dwelt in the Temple Cloisters. But friends will do these things. As the late Hans von Bülow remarked: "If I omit one day's practice on the piano, I perceive the effect forthwith, my friends on the next day, and my foes on the third."

We trust that friend Shakespeare will bear us no ill will for pointing out that his "Make a virtue of necessity"—*TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA*, iv. 1, where the Second Outlaw says to Valentine:

Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live as we do in this wilderness!—  
may be found in Chaucer:

Then is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,  
To maken vertu of necessity,  
And take it well, that we may not es-  
chewe,  
And namely that to all of us is due—

to wit, death. But we must further crave Dan Chaucer's pardon for remarking that, in this regard, Quintilian forestalled him by some thirteen centuries. For we read in a fragment of that learned Roman, preserved by Isidorus Hispalensis: "*Faciamus de funere remedium, de necessitate virtutem* (Let us make of death a cure, a virtue of necessity.)"

The phrase "As sure as a gun," or its twin-brother, occurs in Butler's *HUDIBRAS*, pt. i., canto iii. 12.

For Hudibras, who thought he'd won  
The field as certain as a gun,

Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
He did but count without his host.

But the phrase, "to count, or reckon without his host" is far older than Butler. It occurs in Rabelais, *PANTAGRUEL* ii. 26: "*Vous comptez sans vostre housté.*" And how much older than Rabelais it may be, heaven forbid we



should take on us to say. Only we may venture to affirm that it was proverbial even in his time.

The danger of prophesying unless one knows is now proverbial; but it is almost as dangerous to be cocksure about the past as about the future. Both are misty. The editor of the Chiswick Press reprint of HUDIBRAS (1818) was cocksure that Butler's "by hook or crook" arose from a witticism made by some lawyer when all the judges, including Justice Hook, but excluding Justice Crook, decided in favour of the legality of ship-money. Then said the wags of Westminster Hall: "The King has carried it by Hook, but not by Crook." But the mere fact that they punned in this way shows that the phrase "by hook and crook" must have been current when that case was decided in 1637, nearly thirty years before any part of HUDIBRAS saw the light. And, to cut a long tale short, Spenser often uses this very phrase. We give one instance taken at random:

In hope her to attain by hook or crook.

And that part of THE FAIRY QUEEN (iii. 1, 17) where these lines occur appeared in the year 1590. The Chiswick editor of HUDIBRAS, therefore, makes an event which happened in 1637 the cause of the coining of a phrase current nearly fifty years before. In that mine of ancient lore, Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, the phrase is said to derive its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorised "to take fireboto *by hook or by crook*"; that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook. And there the phrase is traced back to Wicliffe's CONTROVERSIAL TRACTS, which puts the learned gentleman from Chiswick to desperate confusion indeed.

Many a familiar phrase may be traced to the old Miracle Plays. "To play the Devil" is one of them. Natur-

ally the devil played a most prominent part in those old-world dramas whereof the Oberammergau Passion Play is now almost the sole survival. And when these old plays gave way to the Moralities, his Satanic Majesty was felt to be far too important a personage to be dropped. So he figured, with the Vice (not the vice-devil, but Vice personified) in these new-fangled Moralities, when they ousted the old Miracle Plays from the stage. Herod fell with the Miracles; but he left his memory behind him. Hence Hamlet's "to out-Herod Herod"; meaning to rant and rave as did the old stage King of Jewry. The Devil, too, could and did tear a passion to tatters. 'Twas expected of him. He was paid for it; but none too well paid, if we may judge from a veteran pay-sheet, where we read: "Paid to Herod 3/4; Item to Pilate his wife 2/-; Item to the Devil 1/6." We know not how much guerdon was received by a certain John Adroyns to whom it once fortuneed to "play the dyvyl" at a certain market town in Suffolk when the Seventh Henry ruled this realm. But even if he played gratis, he had some fun for his pains. For, as he trudged homewards after dusk in his devil's apparel, he stumbled on the curate of his parish, and two or three other unthrifts, rabbit-poaching. The poachers mistook him for the genuine article and took to their heels, leaving behind them a horse laden with conies. John Adroyns mounts the horse and rides off to inform the lord of the rabbit-warren, thinking to be thanked for restoring the plunder. But first one servant, and then another, after a peep at him, runs away to tell the master of the house that the Devil is at the door, sitting on a horse laden with souls; and, "By likelihood he is come for your soul; purpose ye to let him have your soul? and if he had it, I ween he would be gone." On hearing these words from the fourth frightened servant, the master called his chaplain, and bade him get bell, book, and candle, and go with him to

the door. To the door they went with as many servants as durst at their heels. And the chaplain bade the horseman in the name of the Holy Trinity, tell his errand. Whereupon John Adroyns made answer: "Fear not me; for I am a good devil. I am John Adroyns, your neighbour, that played the devil to-day in the play. I bring my master a dozen or two of his own conies, and the horse of the thieves who for fear ran away." And so, knowing his voice, "they unsparred the door and let him in; and the fore-said fear was turned to mirth and sport."

Members of the rising generation might readily believe that the phrase "Go to Jericho" belongs by right of mintage to the author of the *INGOLDSBY LEGENDS*, whose friend Mr. Simpkinson, asking his landlady to fetch a pint of double X for the refreshment of the vulgar little boy he had picked up on Margate Pier, is bidden by that indignant dame to "go to Jericho" and fetch the beer himself. Mr. Simpkinson, as we know, did not "go to Jericho"; and the phrase comes from a much more venerable author. We find it in the *FOUR P's* (Palmer, Pardoner, Poticary, and Pedlar) of Merry John Heywood, who did his best to enliven the last days of Bluff King Harry and the dark days of his daughter Mary. "What wind blew you to Court?" she asked him one fine morning. "Two winds," quoth John. "One that I might have the pleasure of seeing your Grace; t'other that your Grace might have the pleasure of seeing me." Once again when the Queen proclaimed her resolve to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, he saucily replied; "Then if your Grace won't allow them wives, you must allow them lemans; for they can't live without sauce." His *FOUR P's* begins with a boastful enumeration by the Palmer of the many shrines he has visited during his wanderings in the Holy Land, Spain, Italy and elsewhere. The Pardoner cuts the list short by telling him the

more fool he to have travelled so far, when he might have bought a pardon for his sins without stirring the length of the street:

For at your door myself do dwell,  
Who could have saved your soul as well  
As all your wanderings wide shall do,  
Though ye went thrice to Jericho.

As for the "out-Heroding of Herod," though the phrase has now lost well-nigh all its pith, and is often most ridiculously misapplied, it still retained abundant meaning in Shakespeare's day, when the memory of the *Miracle Plays* was still fresh. The greybeards among the great playwright's audience might well remember to have heard their grandfathers repeat such rant as this; which we give as a mild sample of Herod's mode of Heroding it in the *Miracle Play* entitled *THE OFFERING OF THE THREE KINGS*.

*Herodes loquitur:*

I wield this world withouten ween,  
I beat all those unbuxom been,  
I drive the devils albydene,  
Deep in hell adown.

For I am King of all mankind,  
I bid, I beat, I loose, I bind;  
I master the moon. Take this in mind—  
That I am most of might.

I am the greatest above degree  
That is, or was, or ever shall be;  
The sun it dare not shine on me  
An I bid him go down.

No rain to fall shall now be free,  
Nor no lord have that liberty  
To dare abide when I bid flee,  
But I shall crack his crown.

This, we say, is a mere nothing. Elsewhere he claims to be the maker of heaven and hell, to wield the thunderbolts, and kill all his enemies by one wink of his eye; and he calls the infant Jesus "a misbegotten marmoset." This is speaking in character with such a vengeance that "to out-Herod Herod" must have been well-nigh impossible.

"A green old age" is another phrase often grossly abused. It is a literal translation of Virgil's description of Charon the ferryman of the

nether regions. The poet speaks of him as "*Jam senior; sed cruda deo viridisque senectus* (Somewhat aged; but his godship's old age was still fresh and green.)" This we might say of a hale sexagenarian; but to talk, as we do, of the green old age of a nonagenarian, however hale, is sheer nonsense.

The phrase "A bold bad man,"—now worn threadbare and comic—belongs to Spenser, who applies it to the Archimago of *THE FAIRY QUEEN* (i. 1, 37):

A bold bad man, that dared to call by  
name  
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead  
night.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*" is a standing quotation, or rather misquotation, with that careless fellow Isaac Disraeli, nicknamed the Wandering Jew from his uncontrollable propensity to ramble whenever he tried to tell a story. In *THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE* (where it occurs on every other page) he invariably makes it *Retournons à nos moutons*; which may perhaps be French, but most assuredly is not the French of Pierre Blanchet, the reputed author of the play to which this famous phrase may safely be traced,—right home, for once in a way. That play, the earliest French play extant, is the *AVOCAT PATELIN*. In one of its scenes we see a cloth-dealer prosecuting his shepherd, Agnelet, for stealing some of his sheep. For this purpose he employs the advocate Patelin. But lo and behold! in the thick of his evidence against the shepherd he spies the advocate arrayed from head to foot in cloth he can swear to as of his own make. How could Patelin have come by it? He must have stolen it; and this must be the very cloth the dealer had lately missed. The thought so troubles his poor brain that he keeps wandering from the stolen sheep to the stolen cloth, while the judge keeps striving to make him stick to his story by adjuring him, "*Revenons à nos moutons.*"

We have succeeded in tracing the striking phrase, "*Une main de fer sous un gant de velours*," to Marshal Bernadotte, sometime King of Sweden,—the stock of the reigning house. Nor have we yet been able to find that any one forestalled his; Swedish Majesty's forcible metaphor; though it palpably embodies the old maxim, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*.

In Dr. Priestley's *Memoirs* we read that the Lord Sandwich (who gave his name to the Sandwich Islands and to a very well-known luncheon article) was sorely puzzled to know the meaning of the words "orthodoxy" and "heterodoxy" so freely bandied to and fro in a certain debate on the Test Acts. He frankly confessed himself at a loss. Thereupon whispered Bishop Warburton, sitting near: "Orthodoxy, my lord, is *my* doxy." Heterodoxy is another man's doxy." He did not add (nor does Dr. Priestley, nor yet our friend Mr. Bartlett,) that this witticism may be found in Selden's *TABLE TALK*, cheek by jowl with the familiar saying "A straw will show which way the wind blows."

In Balzac's *GAMBARA*, if we remember aright, the hero remarks to a young composer very guilty of a requiem on the death of Beethoven, "Oh, that Beethoven had lived to pen a requiem on you!" Since then no great composer has missed a like tribute to his memory at the cost of some hapless aspirant; and doubtless to the end of time the newspapers will continue to please the uninitiated. The jest is good; but it is also exceeding old. For we read in the *MÉNAGIANA* (1694): "Un poëte présentant à M. le Prince de Condé l'épitaque de Molière, M. le Prince lui dit, '*J'aimerois bien mieux que ce fût lui qui m'apportât la vôtre.*'"

"Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring" occurs in Dryden's Epilogue to his *DUKE OF GUISE* (1682). The epilogue takes the form of a dialogue between the actress who spoke it and a Trimmer, and ends with this exclamation:

D—d neuters, in their middle way of steering,  
They're neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.

That Lord Derby whom the first Lord Lytton christened the "Rupert of Debate," was used to characterise his Reform Bill of 1867 sometimes as a "dishing of the Whigs" sometimes as a "leap in the dark." Many persons imagine that he coined this phrase. But we find it quoted in Lord Byron's Diary under date Dec. 5th, 1813,—“The ‘leap in the dark’ is the least to be dreaded”—and we strongly suspect it to be of hoar antiquity. It bears a marvellously close resemblance to Rabelais' deathbed remark, "*Je m'en vai chercher un grand peut-estre*"; which, by the by, we find Englished by Mathews, "I am just going to leap into the dark."

We have lately unearthed the root of the common phrase, "To talk like a book." It was first said of a M. Tréville, a contemporary of Madame de Sévigné and the Arsène of La Bruyère's *CHARACTÈRES*: "On dit que c'est pour lui qu'a été fait le mot, *Parler comme un livre*." We quote from a note to Victor Cousin's *JEUNESSE DE MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE*, 6th edition, p. 22.

In searching for the source of the celebrated phrase, "They make a solitude and call it peace," we stumbled on a sentence which shows Tacitus to have been a close student of Virgil. In painting the preparations made by Galgacus, the leader of the Britons, to give battle to the Roman legions at the foot of the Grampians, Tacitus uses the very words of Virgil's portrait of Charon. "Already," he says, "there were upwards of thirty thousand armed warriors to be seen; while all the youth kept pouring in, and those whose old age was still fresh and green (*quibus cruda ac viridis senectus*)."  
A notable circumstance this; but to return to our sheep. 'Twas this very Galgacus who, according to Tacitus, said in haranguing his troops before the onset: "These Romans nor East nor West could glut. Alone of all people they alike covet plenty and poverty. To plunder, to slay, to harry, they miscall empire, *atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*." Byron, it may be remembered, has borrowed this phrase very literally for his Selim (*BRIDE OF ABYDOS*, ii. 20).

Yet there we follow but the bent assigned  
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
Mark, where his carnage and his conquests  
cease!  
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!

## PLUNKET'S WIDOW.

I

Now that Plunket's Widow is dead I see no cause why I should not publish this story. I should have done so long ago but for two reasons. First, I promised Stamper Macedon never to reveal one portion of it so long as the aforementioned lady lived; and, second, I had no desire to give that lady unnecessary pain by bringing to her knowledge a fact of which it was best she should remain ignorant. The events which I am about to narrate took place many years ago; but, as I was myself to some extent a participator in them, the reader may take it that, although my memory may be at fault in one or two unimportant details, the substance of the story is practically and indisputably correct.

In 1851 I, James Hashworth, left England in the capacity of supercargo on board the good ship *Darling* bound for Australia. Little did we dream, as we dropped down the Channel, of the *El Dorado* to which our craft was bearing us. The pilot who took us into Port Phillip was the first to give us the news of the startling discovery that soon electrified the world. Within a hundred miles of Melbourne, he said, gold was to be had by the barrow-load for the mere picking up. This information, which was in a great measure quickly confirmed, first staggered, then intoxicated me. I became bereft of my senses: the gold fever got hold of me; and, like many another good man, I deserted the post of duty to go a-hunting for the Golden Fleece at Ballarat.

On the way to the diggings I fell in with Jasper Plunket. He had come out as first mate of a barque which was even then lying in the

harbour, and he also had deserted, a victim to the prevalent mania. As we trudged along with our packs over our shoulders, we became very friendly, and by the time we reached the gold-field it was settled that we should work together as mates. At that time I was barely twenty-eight, and Plunket would be some ten years older. He was not what you would call a talkative man: his ordinary mood was shy and retiring; but he was easily excited, and when once thoroughly roused his eyes flashed and his tongue burst all control. I rather fancy he must have had a touch of Southern blood in his veins.

When we arrived at Ballarat hundreds, nay, thousands, were already hard at work. By day the thud of the pick was as unceasing as was the crack of the revolver by night; and I may mention here that the mania for burning powder without the slightest pretext, which developed itself among the diggers in the early days, was to me one of the most inexplicable problems of those stirring times. We lost no time in setting up our tent, buying our licences, and staking out an eight-foot claim on Golden Point. For a week we had kept steadily at it, without finding more gold than would pay our expenses, when the word was passed round that the precious metal had been discovered in even greater quantities at Bendigo (now Sandhurst). An exodus to the new field set in, and in a couple of days Golden Point was all but deserted. A two-ounce nugget was the richest prize we had as yet made, and the fever was beginning to abate a little under this course of hard work and small results. By this time I don't suppose there were half a dozen claims being worked on the Point.

We were standing by the heap of gravel we had taken out of our last claim, debating whether to follow the general stampede to Bendigo, when a stranger appeared upon the scene and came sauntering up to us. The newcomer was Stamper Macedon, and, as he is the principal figure in this little sketch, I may as well briefly describe him here. At this time it would have been difficult to say precisely what was his age, but he could hardly have been more than five-and-thirty. He was a wiry-looking, active man of middle height, slight in build, but as tough as whipcord. His clean-shaven face (a most unusual thing in those times and localities) was as emotionless as a Hindoo god's: his clear gray eyes looked you through and through in an instant; and his words were few and to the point. Stamper Macedon was the best-tempered, clearest-headed man I ever knew. I never saw him put out by misfortune, nor exhibit any sign of elation at an unexpected streak of good luck; neither have I known him betray the slightest symptom of surprise, save upon one occasion. Although I have had more to do with him, perhaps, than any man living, he always remained something of an enigma to me. Where he originally hailed from I never learned; but, from observations he let fall at one time and another, I gathered that he must have been pretty well all over the world, and he possessed a knowledge of men and things in general far beyond his years. I think that is sufficient to introduce to the reader the man who strolled leisurely up to us with a straw in his mouth, as Plunket and I stood debating the vital question of migration.

"What luck, mates?" he asked carelessly, letting his pack fall to the ground.

"None,—at least, none worth mentioning," I replied dismally.

"Why don't you wash out your dirt? It looks likely stuff," he went on, taking up a handful of the gravel.

"Because it isn't worth while. What's the good of puddling and cradling all day for a pinch of dust, when there are solid lumps as big as your head to be got for the digging, if you only know where to look for it?" I rejoined dolefully. "We were just talking of clearing out for Bendigo when you came up. Golden Point's worked out."

Without troubling to reply Macedon deliberately loosed the string of his pack, took out a tin prospecting-dish, filled it with the gravel, and carried it down to the creek, while Plunket and I watched him in silence. After washing the dirt for a few minutes, he looked it carefully over, and then, flinging away the contents of the dish, he coolly rejoined us.

"Don't you think you're a pair of precious fools?" he observed, looking at us keenly.

"Why should we?" asked Plunket, opening his lips for the first time.

"Did you ever hear the fable of the dog who dropped his bone for its shadow?"

"Well?"

"Well, there's two dogs in this case."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"If you want it putting plainer, here it is. Here's gold under your very noses," kicking the gravel. "This is paying dirt. I reckon" (measuring the heap with his eye) "the three of us could wash that pile in ten days. It pans out well. I calculate on nothing less than two ounces a day. Two ounces is eight pounds; ten times eight is eighty; and eighty pounds certain in ten days at Golden Point is a darned sight better bone than the Lord knows what at Bendigo. Now, ain't it?"

Plunket and I nodded. I don't think either of us had the slightest notion of contradicting this stranger, whose superior will we at once instinctively recognised. In the vacillating state of mind we were in, the knowledge that fate had thrown in our way somebody to guide us, some-



body more determined than ourselves, came to us as a welcome relief. Even in any circumstances I don't think we should have had a chance against Macedon, for when he had once set his mind on a thing he could, by sheer force of will, twist men about like puppets.

"What have you bottomed on,—rock?" was his next question, as he peered into the hole.

"No, pipeclay," I answered.

"Humph!" was all he said.

How it came about I hardly know, but from that hour Stamper Macedon was not only a partner with us, but the recognised leader of the firm. We bought a cradle from a party just starting for Bendigo, laid in all the procurable stores we could, and the next morning we were hard at it washing the dirt, by which time, save for ourselves, Golden Point was utterly deserted. The stuff panned out quite as well as Macedon had anticipated; and by the time we had washed the last bucketful we had twenty-five ounces of the precious metal safely stowed away in a corner of our tent.

"What's the next move?" asked Plunket, as we took out the dust from the last cradling.

"We're going to stake out two more claims, one on each side of this, for precaution," replied Macedon, coolly.

"Why 'for precaution,' when there isn't a soul on the Point besides ourselves?" I asked in amazement.

"There soon will be," went on Macedon quietly, "and we're going to 'shepherd' those two claims. Now, listen here; you bottomed on pipeclay; well, we're going to dig right through that clay."

Plunket and I simply stared, and I vaguely wondered if Macedon was going mad. That the gold finished where the pipeclay began everybody knew. Macedon smiled a little at our evident astonishment, and then went on: "What is there t'other side that clay? Don't know? Well, I'll tell you. There's gold. The fools thought, when

they bottomed on pipeclay, that Golden Point was worked out, and rushed Bendigo. Now, I've been in California, and I've seen the drifts there, and if there ain't better gold, and more of it too, below the clay than above it, I'll swallow my pick, shaft and all! I didn't tell you this before, because I wanted to see what sort of mates you were to work with."

As usual we simply agreed to all that Macedon said, and accepted it for gospel. Two more claims were staked out, and the following day we were well into the pipeclay. It was heavy digging, but luckily the stratum was not very thick. In less than two days we were through it, and into the gravel again. On the third day we found a "pocket," from which we took half a dozen nuggets, varying in weight from a quarter of an ounce to two ounces. Plunket and I were fairly wild with joy, but Macedon appeared perfectly unconcerned, and after having seen the gold carefully stored resumed his digging as if nothing unusual had occurred.

That was the beginning of Plunket's madness. His eye shone with unwonted brightness, and as he worked he talked incessantly of what he would do with all the riches that were coming to him, for he appeared to think the claim was going to prove an inexhaustible mine of wealth. His wife (we never knew he had one until then) should ride in her carriage, and his boy should have a university training. Poor Plunket! the sight of the gold had turned his brain.

The next day we struck what was known in those days as a "jeweller's shop." In larger or smaller quantities the virgin gold was laid bare at almost every stroke of the pick, and the sides of the claim were streaked and spangled with the shining metal. That finished the job for Plunket; he went stark, staring mad. At first Macedon and I thought it was merely a fit of temporary excitement; but I think the sequel shows that we were wrong. He quietened down a good

deal towards night, however, and, save for the restless shifting of his eyes, appeared all right as we sat round our rude table and ate our damper and drank our pannikins of tea. The extra exertion (for we had worked like niggers after the first sight of the virgin gold) had completely fagged me out, so I stretched myself full length on the floor, while Macedon calmly smoked his pipe by the stove, and Plunket sat thinking in a corner. For a few minutes there was complete silence in the tent. Then suddenly, without the slightest warning, Plunket sprang up from his seat, and shrieking, "Gold, gold!—it's mine—all mine!" rushed at me as I lay, brandishing a long knife. I had no time to jump up and defend myself, and in another instant the shining blade would have been sheathed in my breast, had it not been for Stamper Macedon. Like a flash he whipped his revolver from his belt. There was a click, a puff of smoke, a short sharp bark, and Jasper Plunket's lifeless body well-nigh crushed the breath out of me as it fell across my chest, the knife burying itself in the earth at my side.

Replacing his pistol in his belt, Macedon dragged the body from off me, and we laid it in a corner of the tent, covering it over with a blanket. What was to be done next? Stamper soon decided that point. Putting on his cap and coat, he announced his intention of at once reporting the matter to the nearest magistrate. I tried to dissuade him: we had nothing to do but bury Plunket, and nobody would be one wit the wiser; but I might just as well have tried to convince a condemned criminal that hanging was good for his health.

"If I'm logged [the 'logs' were the temporary prisons], see that nobody jumps the claims. Now that Plunket is dead, I don't see how we can hold all three claims if it comes to a question of law; but do your best," was his parting injunction as he went out into the night, leaving me alone with

the corpse and my own reflections. About midnight he returned. The magistrate had seen fit to allow him to remain at liberty on his own recognisances, and the official inquiry into the affair was to come off the following day. The next morning, at Macedon's suggestion, we plastered over the sides of the claim with clay so that no prying eyes should discover our secret.

Well, the end of it all was that Macedon was freed from all blame, Plunket was buried, and we were once more left alone to our digging, but not before many curious questions had been asked as to our reasons for wasting time by digging pipeclay, which questions we evaded as best we could. Three days afterwards we bottomed on a reef of quartz, and then we started on one of the other claims, still shepherding the third. By this time we had nearly two hundred ounces of gold carefully hidden away.

"That's not bad, now there's only two of us to divide it between," I remarked to Macedon.

"Three, you mean," he replied.

"Three!" I echoed, wonderingly. "Who's the third?"

"Plunket's widow."

"Plunket's widow! But we don't know where she is, or anything about her," I urged. "I don't mind sharing with her what gold we had got up to Plunket's death, but I don't see what claim she has on—"

"Now, look here," interrupted Macedon, in a decisive tone; "Plunket was equal partner with us in this venture. Plunket's dead, and his wife inherits; and so long as this firm hangs together, the widow gets one third of the profits after a fair sum has been deducted for working expenses. D'ye follow me?"

This quixotic arrangement did not by any means recommend itself to me. I tried to argue, but I was no match for Stamper Macedon. The thought of parting from him never occurred to me, and so we continued to work

on as mates, and Plunket's widow (whoever or wherever she was) was a sleeping partner in the concern.

About the time that this conversation took place, the news of our luck somehow or other got abroad. The stream began to flow back, and in an incredibly short space of time Golden Point was as busy, if not busier, than ever. Although in the archives of that city another man is credited with having first discovered gold beneath the pipeclay, Stamper Macedon was responsible for more of the early history of Ballarat than is commonly ascribed to him.

Several months passed, during which we had on the whole fairly good luck. The gold was sent regularly to Melbourne by the Government escort, and one third of the net profits religiously set aside for Plunket's widow, our unknown partner. One morning the usual crowd was awaiting the arrival of the Geelong mail. When the bag arrived and was opened, it was found to contain, among others, a letter for Jasper Plunket. Macedon, who happened to be present, claimed it, and brought it to our tent. It was directed in a feminine handwriting, and bore the London post-mark.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked, as he showed it to me.

"Open it."

"And then what?"

"See if it's from Plunket's widow. It appears to me Plunket must have written to his wife when he first came here, and this is her answer."

So the envelope was torn open, and three sheets of thin notepaper, closely covered with writing, appeared. The letter was dated from 21 Hoxton Row, St. Giles Street, Battersea, bore the signature of "Clara Plunket," and commenced "Dear Husband." These facts Macedon carefully noted down, and then burnt the letter unread, for he had very rigid, if occasionally peculiar, notions of honour. This done, he at once sent off to Melbourne for a banker's draft, payable in London, for the amount of the

profit due to the widow. When this arrived, he set to work to concoct a letter, in which he stated that Plunket had met with a serious accident and was in a critical condition. This was his method of breaking the news gently. This letter he despatched, along with the remittance, to Mrs. Plunket, and followed it up the very next mail with another, in which he deplored Plunket's death, explained in some measure, without mentioning any names, how it had come about, and enlarged upon the arrangements he had made for her to continue as a sleeping partner in our venture.

Time brought an answer from the widow, and I am sure that answer more than repaid Macedon for his trouble, for if ever a woman poured out her heartfelt thanks on paper, that woman was Clara Plunket. Had it not been for our kind consideration (Macedon's consideration, she ought to have said, but, of course, she knew no better,) she would have been utterly destitute. She did not exactly see what claim she had upon us, but she was so ignorant of business matters, and supposed it was all right. Still, she could never thank us enough for what we were doing, and it was a great consolation to her to know that, although alone and sorrowing at home, she had kind friends at the other side of the world. For herself, she could have faced poverty; but it was more especially of her boy she thought, her son Jasper, who was now fourteen and on the point of leaving school. What would have become of him without money, and with nobody to use their influence in his behalf, she did not know. As it was, she was considerably perplexed how best she could obtain for him a suitable situation.

"I'm going to be a father to that lad," was Macedon's prompt decision as he folded up the letter and put it in his pocket; and sure enough, with the next remittance sent to the widow, he added this blunt but characteristic postscript, to what he was pleased to

term the "official statement of the firm's proceedings":—"If you can trust me on so short an acquaintance, send the lad out here and I'll make a man of him."

Well, to make a long story short, the boy came out and joined us, and a bright, smart lad he was too. Now, just about that time my health gave way. Gold-mining didn't seem to suit my constitution, so I left Ballarat some £1,000 richer than when I arrived there, and went to Melbourne, where I kept a general store for some years. Whenever Stamper Macedon happened to be in the neighbourhood he always made my house his headquarters, and so I was kept fairly well posted in the affairs of Macedon and Plunket. As gold-mining progressed, and deep-mining came into vogue, Macedon was one of the first to erect a crushing battery; and as a rich vein of quartz ran through the claim he and young Plunket were working, the venture turned out well. Under the altered conditions of the laws they acquired more land, and as time rolled on the M.P. Mine (so they christened it) employed nearly fifty men, and became recognised as a steadily paying concern. The lad took to Macedon from the first, and I don't think a single wrong word ever passed between them. Every month Macedon's "official statement" was despatched to the widow, but he seldom wrote to her. Of course, young Jasper corresponded regularly with his mother, and through him the elder man learned much about her.

## II.

One morning, six years after I had left the gold-fields, I was talking to a gentleman in the store, when in walked Stamper Macedon, the same cool, determined customer as when first I met him. Seeing that I was engaged he walked forward into my office, and there I joined him a few minutes afterwards.

"I'm going to marry Plunket's

widow," was his opening remark, delivered in quite a casual tone.

"Going—to—marry—Plunket's—widow?" I gasped, fairly taken aback.

"Yes; leastways, that is, if she'll have me. I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that it's my duty to marry her."

"How so?"

"Well, I made her a widow. I can't give her her husband back again, but I can provide her with another; sort of compensation affair, you see."

"But does she know—" I began, recalling the circumstances of Plunket's death. Then I hesitated, as I remembered that it might be rather a ticklish subject.

But Macedon read my thoughts, and without betraying the slightest concern completed the sentence I had begun. "—Who shot Plunket? No; and I don't see any reason why she ever should. Young Jasper knows. I told him last night when I broached the other matter to him, and he doesn't seem to have any objection to my being his father, either on that score or any other. Decent lad, Jasper!"

"But you've never seen Mrs. Plunket," I hazarded.

"No, that's true; but I've heard a good bit about her from Jasper, and I've sounded her," he replied.

"Have you written to her?" I asked.

"Yes, eighteen months since; told her point-blank I wanted to marry her, and asked her if she'd have me."

This was his method of "sounding" her. Ah, well, that was always his way of going about things. "Eighteen months since; then you must have got a reply before now?"

"Got it a month ago. Highly honoured, and all that sort of thing, you know,—doesn't think she could refuse me anything,—not even herself,—after all I've done for her and the lad; but would like to see me before giving me a final answer."

"And so?"

"And so I don't see what's to prevent my marrying her now I've made up my mind to it. As you know, we're floating the M.P. Jasper is twenty-one, and will be a director in the Company: I've got my eye on a tip-top man for manager; and there's nothing to stop me from going to England as soon as the arrangements are completed. The Company pay us £20,000 in cash and £10,000 in shares for the mine, so I don't see why I shouldn't be a gentleman for the rest of my life. I've money enough for it with what I've saved, and the half of the purchase money."

"And so you're going to England to marry Plunket's widow?" I said, harking back to the former point.

"Yes," he replied; "and you're coming with me to be best man at the wedding."

"No, I'm blowed if I am," I returned, hardly knowing what I said.

"Oh, yes, you are," he went on, with a grim smile. "Store-keeping isn't what it was. I reckon you are worth close on £10,000, and that's quite enough for a single man with your simple tastes to live on in England; if it isn't, I'll give you £250 a year to be my private secretary. Besides, I know your longing to be back in the Old Country again, so that settles it."

Whether that settled it or not, Macedon did. I was as wax in his hands, and,—well, I may as well own it, I certainly had a wish to be back in England. I gave my clerks a week's notice,—or rather, Macedon did, for I am sure he had quite as much to do with winding up my affairs as I had,—sold the business, and in less than two months (by which time the arrangements for the transfer of the M.P. Mine to the new Company had been completed) he and I looked our last on the shores of Australia.

We arrived in London one fine morning in May, and the first thing we did was to make our way to Bayswater, whither Plunket's widow had

removed when she found her means went on increasing so steadily. After a little trouble we found the house; a neat little bandbox sort of affair in the centre of a miniature grass-plot, that reminded me for all the world of one of those models we used to see at flower-shows; and just as we came in sight of the gate a lady and gentleman stepped into a cab, which was waiting piled with luggage, and drove away.

"Visitors!—been stopping at the house and just going home. So much the better! We shall find Plunket's widow alone," quoth Macedon, as we walked up the tiny gravel path and rang the bell.

The door was opened by an impudent little rascal in silver buttons, who asked us what we wanted.

"This is Mrs. Plunket's, I take it?" began my companion.

"It *was* till this morning, but it ain't now," replied the lad with a grin.

"How's that,—has she removed?" I asked.

"No, she ain't, but she's got married."

This was something we had never reckoned on. I looked at Macedon and he looked at me. His face wore a most ludicrous expression. "Seems we're a day after the fair, Jemmy," he remarked to me; and then, turning to the boy in buttons, he added, "And who may she have married?"

"A gentleman of the name of Macedon," replied the lad.

"Macedon?" I echoed, opening my eyes pretty wide.

"Yes, Macedon,—Stamper Macedon, Esquire, late of Ballarat,—the gent as just drove away in the cab with her."

That was the only time in my life I ever saw Stamper Macedon fairly taken aback. His eyes dilated, his jaw dropped, and he stared at me as helplessly as a hamstrung sheep. But it was only for a moment. He quickly recovered himself, and again turning to the lad said: "And so that was Stamper Macedon we saw getting into the cab?"

"Yes, that was the identical gent."

"Then who the thunder am I?"

"Don't know; the Dook of Wellington, p'r'aps," grinned the lad, enjoying the situation amazingly.

"That's it exactly; I'm the Duke of Wellington. Now, lookye here, young shaver, tell us where the happy pair got spliced, and where they're gone to, and here's half a dollar for you," said Macedon, placing his finger and thumb persuasively in his waistcoat pocket.

Nothing loth, the lad quickly informed us that his mistress had been quietly married, barely an hour before, at St. Jude's Church, just round the corner, and that the newly-wedded couple were to stay that night at the Lord Warden at Dover before crossing the Channel next day. Then we left him, and proceeded to the church where the ceremony had been performed, and where a silver key soon opened to us the register. Sure enough the book was signed *Clara Plunket* and *Stamper Macedon*; and, what was the most inexplicable part of the business, the latter signature was most unmistakably in Macedon's peculiar, crabbed handwriting, even to the little curly pig's tail with which he invariably finished off. My companion scrutinised the writing carefully, and shook his head significantly as much as to say that he was hopelessly at sea.

"Well, I've been in the States, and they're pretty go ahead there, but this beats all," was his remark, as we regained the street. "Here I've been in England barely a couple of hours and I'm married and off on my honeymoon before ever I've come face to face with the lady. If that ain't smart, I don't know what is."

"What's the next move?" I asked.

"Do you believe in a dual existence, Jimmy?" he said, seemingly disregarding my question.

"I don't know,—never gave the matter much thought. Do you?"

"Well, I've heard speak of such

things, and it seems to me I'm only half a man after all, and the other half's running round loose somewhere."

"But what are we going to do next?" I urged.

"Well, I'm rather curious to see what the other half of me is like, so we'll go down to Dover. Besides, I ought to pay my respects to my wife," he returned; and so we jumped into a cab, drove off to Victoria, and were soon rattling along in the East Kent (now London, Chatham and Dover) express.

Arrived at Dover, we at once betook ourselves to the Lord Warden, where one of the waiters, no more proof against bribery and corruption than the rest of his species, imparted to us that Mr. Macedon had gone out,—for a stroll, he thought—and that Mrs. Macedon was alone in the private sitting-room which they had engaged. For a further consideration he consented to show us up to the room unannounced. In single file we went up stairs, like a storming-party attempting to take the enemy un-awares by escalade. The waiter pointed out the door and then silently and discreetly retired, while Macedon coolly turned the handle, without even knocking, and entered the apartment, I following close at his heels with the guilty, uncomfortable feeling of an accomplice in some fell conspiracy.

At the far end of the room a plump, comely little woman was sitting by the window with one of Murray's guide-books in her hand. As Macedon deliberately closed the door behind us she started up and gave us a questioning look.

"Mrs. Macedon, I believe, ma'am?" began Stamper placidly, with a very angular bow.

"You are quite right," replied the lady, in a low, pleasant voice; "though to what I am indebted for this honour I do not yet understand. Perhaps you will kindly explain?"

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly," went



on the imperturbable Stamper. "This is my friend, Mr. Hashworth."

"Hashworth, Hashworth? Surely I know that name?"

"Of course, ma'am, of course." (I never knew Macedon to be so voluble before.) "He was one of the late Plunket's mates at Ballarat. Estimable man, the late Plunket; I knew him myself, ma'am."

"And you,—who are you?" hurriedly asked the lady, with some trepidation.

"Me? Oh, I'm your present husband, ma'am," returned Macedon, without the slightest change of countenance.

"My what?" she shrieked.

"Your husband, ma'am," repeated Stamper.

The lady gave a violent start. Her eye wandered from the speaker to the bell-rope and back again. I firmly believe her first impression was that she had to do with a lunatic, but a second look reassured her that she had nothing to fear. With a great deal of wonderment she exclaimed, "You are labouring under a mistake. I never saw you in my life before."

"Nevertheless you married me."

"Impossible! There is some gigantic mistake. I cannot understand it, but my husband——"

"That's me," interrupted Stamper blandly.

"Oh, no; the gentleman I married this morning. He is out just at present, but he will be in shortly, and will help me to explain matters. I am so bewildered."

"Now, look you here, ma'am," went on my companion complacently; "you were spliced this morning at St. Jude's Church, Bayswater?"

"Yes."

"To Stamper Macedon, late of Ballarat, Victoria?"

"Yes."

"Who was, till recently, part proprietor, along with yourself, of the M.P. Mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's me," he proclaimed, quietly but triumphantly.

"But it cannot be! You are not the man I married."

"But I must be; at least, I'm the other half of him; and, to prove it, here's the scrip and the cheque for your share of the purchase money of the M.P. I suppose my other half hasn't handed them over before," he said, deliberately drawing the papers from his pocket-book, and handing them to her.

"I,—that is,—oh, I don't know what to say! Good Heavens! what does it all mean?" she gasped faintly, as she dropped into a chair and fanned herself with her handkerchief.

Before anything more could be said or done a footstep was heard on the stair without; the next instant the door opened and in walked——

"George Mason!" I exclaimed, as I instantly recognised one of the clerks I had employed at Melbourne, and who had left my services at the expiration of the week's notice I had given all my men so soon as I had decided to leave Australia. The recognition was mutual, and the wretch made a bolt for liberty, but Macedon was too quick for him. Clutching him with a grip of iron, the old miner dragged him pale and trembling before his dupe.

"Is this the man you married this morning, ma'am?" inquired Stamper.

The lady nodded her head in reply.

"Then I'm very, *very* sorry," he went on.

"Sorry for what?" she asked faintly.

"Sorry to find," replied Macedon, who seemed to be quite enjoying himself, "that the other half of me is a convicted forger, an impostor, and a bigamist. I assure you, ma'am, I never knew I was half so bad."

"A what?" she exclaimed.

"A convicted forger, an impostor, and a bigamist; for that's what this man is," he replied. "Ain't it so, Jimmy?" he added, appealing to me.

Seeing that the game was up, the trembling Mason bellowed for mercy and confessed all. Happening to be

in that part of the store nearest my office, he had overheard the greater portion of my conversation with Macedon, in which the latter had acquainted me with his plans for leaving the Colonies and coming to England to marry Plunket's widow. Knowing that we should be detained some weeks, perhaps months, before we could set sail, the scamp (who was an "old Hand," having been originally sent out for forgery) conceived the idea that by impersonating Macedon and inveigling Mrs. Plunket into an early marriage, he might possess himself of a considerable portion of her wealth and decamp before he was found out. Once having determined upon this stroke, the rest was easy to a man who had graduated in roguery as he had done. Deserting his lawful wife and children, he took the first ship to England, where he at once laid siege to the widow's hand, with what amount of success we already know. He had trumped up some ridiculous story about the M.P. Mine, which Mrs. Plunket readily swallowed, and which satisfactorily accounted for his not bringing the transfer money with him. As for the forged signature in the register, he had had no difficulty about that, for Macedon's real handwriting was well known to my clerks. Mason had easily possessed himself of an old letter before leaving Melbourne, and by assiduous practice during the voyage he had acquired the knack of

imitating the signature so closely that there was no wonder the widow had been deceived by it. Fortunately we arrived upon the scene just in time to balk the entire success of Mr. Mason's little scheme, for that very day he had gained the lady's consent to allow him to invest £8,000 of her money in some fictitious gold-mine; and had we been a single day later, no doubt the money would in very truth have taken unto itself wings and flown away.

What little remains is quickly told. Out of consideration for the widow no proceedings were taken against Mason, but two days afterwards I saw him safely on board ship, on his way back to Melbourne and his disconsolate family. As for Mrs. Plunket, she bore the shock wonderfully well, and a month later was quietly married by special license to the real Stamper Macedon. This union, which came about in such an extraordinary manner, from gratitude on one side and a peculiar notion of duty on the other, turned out well. Although both the parties to it had outgrown the age of passionate love, they soon became sincerely attached to each other, and for many years lived most happily together. Thus, you see, the same man who made the wife a widow transformed her again into a contented wife. But Plunket's Widow never knew this.

## THE YEAR'S GOLF.

THIS has been a memorable year for the English golfer. The principal event in the calendar of the game is the annual open championship, open alike to professionals and amateurs. It is an institution of respectable antiquity, dating back to days when the attitude of England was that of a Gallio towards Scotland's Royal and Ancient Game. England was but little alive to the magnitude of the achievement of "Young Tommy" Morris when he won the champion's belt for the third year in succession and so made it his own for life. Certain clubs, namely the Royal and Ancient of St. Andrews, the Prestwick Club, and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, subscribed to buy a challenge cup to replace the belt which Morris by his skill had appropriated; and it was on the links of one or other of these clubs, in annual rotation, that the struggle for the temporary possession of this cup, and for the accompanying title of champion, was fought out. But now, in 1894, for the first time in golfing history, the open championship has been contested on English soil, on the notable links of the St. George's Club at Sandwich. Further than that, it was this year won, as was appropriate, by an Englishman,—an Englishman of no doubtful Borderland origin, but one born and bred in the little Devonshire village of Northam, beside the links of the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! It is not the first time that an Englishman has won the open championship. Mr. John Ball, of Hoylake, has won it,—was first of all amateurs, as well as of Englishmen, to win it, breaking the hitherto uninterrupted success of the professional brethren. A year

or two later Mr. Harold Hilton, of the same links, again put the name of an amateur on the scroll of fame, and he, too, like Mr. Ball, was an Englishman. Taylor, of Westward Ho!, the present champion, was the third Englishman to win the cup, and the first of English professionals. He won it by no less than five strokes, in a score that was altogether worthy of the greatness of the honour, and against a field from which no name of the highest golfing note was absent. There were indeed those who said that such golfing had never before been seen as that of this year's champion, that such a combination of the "far" and the "sure" had never before been exhibited. Facetiously it was remarked that "the only hazard for him was the guide flag," the flag set up on the near horizon to indicate to the golfer the line he should pursue over the bewildering sand dunes of the fine Kentish links. So closely did his ball fly, time after time, past these guiding beacons, that it seemed a marvel that he did not now and again strike one of them, while nothing but an error in their placing could have put him within possible peril of any other hazard.

And to attain and maintain through the two long days of play any such accuracy as this was no easy matter, nor one which the elements in any fashion favoured. The date of this meeting was June, and it had been objected by many that in so summery a month the weather was all too likely to be sultry, and suitable rather to the cricketer's than the golfer's game and mood. But so far was this expectation from being realised that November itself could hardly have produced two more wintry days than those on which

this contest was decided. A fierce cold wind, varied by colder showers, blew throughout them, and tried by the shrewdest tests every quality of the players. Moreover, in this rainy year the lying through the green was none too light, and if the golfer deviated he found himself, or lost himself, in the grassiest places. All which considerations add largely to the merit of the wonderful accuracy of Taylor's play.

Another point in this competition whereon the Southron may plume himself is the excellent position which Toogood, the young English professional from Eltham, gained for himself. The redoubtable Douglas Rolland was second to Taylor, and Andrew Kirkaldy, scarce less redoubtable, third; and next to them, following very closely on their heels, came the lad Toogood, who had learned his play on the inland Eltham course, which is very different in character from any of the classic links. Behind him in the field were many famous players, such as Herd, who had lately won a big professional tournament at Machrihanish; Auchterlonie, the champion of 1893; Sayers, Willie Fernie, Park, Archie Simpson, Hugh Kirkaldy, and all the amateurs. The amateurs, in fact, did exceedingly badly in this competition, neither Mr. Ball nor Mr. Hilton, ex-champions though they are, making any good show at all. Of all the amateurs Mr. F. G. Tait was first, and this year of 1894 has been a very notable one for him, though he did not succeed in gaining either the open or amateur championship. In spite of that he has played so well that there are many who would put him first of the amateurs to-day, and he has played and defeated several professionals who hold a very high place. But, referring more particularly to this competition at Sandwich, it is seldom of late years that the amateurs have been seen to do so badly. No doubt some excuse for this may be found in the coarseness of the weather. The

professionals, as a class, are more apt to be out in all weathers than the amateurs; they are less discomforted by discomforting circumstances. To be sure, Taylor was not reared in the biting breezes of the east of Fife, but in the comparatively balmy climate of North Devon. Still, the fact remains that the amateurs did not do justice to themselves at Sandwich, and the nature of the weather may be taken as in some measure their apology. It grew a little better after the championship was over. On the Wednesday of the week Mr. Hilton won the thirty-six holes scoring competition for the St. George's Vase, which is a prize given by the club for contest among all amateurs who care to enter for it. He won it in a very respectable score, but a score which did not rival the best made during the bad weather in the play for the championship. The last days of the week saw the inauguration of a very interesting contest which one may hope will become annual, a competition of eight men aside picked from the ranks of professionals and amateurs. The method of play was by tournament of holes, and in the first heat a professional and an amateur were drawn together. After the first round the opponents met according as the chance of the draw and the fortune of the game put them together. The selected professionals were Taylor, Rolland, Andrew Kirkaldy, Auchterlonie, Park, Willie Fernie, Herd, and Archie Simpson. The selection was made by a committee of Nestors of the professional body. Bernard Sayers expressed great dissatisfaction at finding his name omitted from the illustrious eight,—a dissatisfaction which he justified later in the year by accepting a challenge thrown down by Andrew Kirkaldy, and defeating the challenger. There are many, too, who would like to have seen the name of Hugh Kirkaldy, an ex-champion, in the list. But the claims of many were conspicuous, and

the task of selection must have been very difficult. As it was the eight were at all events well equal to the business of proving their superiority to the amateurs. The amateur eight was composed of Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Tait, Mr. Mure Fergusson, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Arnold Blyth, Mr. Charles Hutchings, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson. From this list one name at least is conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Laidlay would undoubtedly have strengthened the amateur side, and Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville's claim would have been a strong one, but neither of these Scotsmen were taking part in the south-country competition. It was vain to hope to see the effect on the professional nerve of Mr. Edward Blackwell's tremendous driving, for that gentleman resides far away on the western side of America, and only visits his native land as a bird of passage.

There were some excellent matches, though on the whole the professionals had the better of it. The weather was mild and summery, in strong contrast to its character earlier in the week, so that the amateurs had no excuse in the elements. Taylor beat Mr. Hilton in the morning and Mr. Ball in the afternoon with considerable ease. Rolland defeated Mr. Hutchinson by two in the morning, and in the afternoon had rather a remarkable match with Auchterlonie. The latter only lost two holes on the round. Nevertheless, he was beaten by two and one to play, for he never won one! All the holes, save the two which Rolland won, were halved. Auchterlonie's morning-work had been to dispose of Mr. Mure Fergusson by two and one to play. Andrew Kirkaldy, playing very strongly, beat Mr. Hutchings in the morning by a large number of holes, but in the afternoon he met more than his match in Herd, who played a remarkably true and dashing game. In the morning Herd had beaten Mr. Blyth, after a tremendous fight, at the nineteenth hole. Mr. Tait meanwhile had dis-

posed of Archie Simpson in the first heat, and in the afternoon met and defeated Willie Fernie, who had put out Mr. Stuart in the morning. The result of all which play was that Mr. Tait, Rolland, Taylor, and Herd were left survivors in the semi-final ties, and on Mr. Tait alone the hopes of the amateurs depended. Taylor did not play with quite his own mechanical accuracy on this last day of the tournament. Even in the morning, when he was playing Herd, he did not strike the ball so consistently and absolutely truly; but he played sufficiently well to beat the Scotsman, who was not at his most dashing best, by a small margin. But the great interest in the morning centred on the play of Mr. Tait and Rolland. It was a very fine match throughout. At the seventeenth hole Mr. Tait was stymied when he was lying stone-dead to be dormy. It was not his first stymie in the round, so the fates were against him, and when, after halving the seventeenth hole, he put his second shot to the eighteenth into the bunker, while Rolland was on the green, it looked as if all were over. But he holed a grand putt and got a half of the hole and of the match. So again the players had to start out to pursue the game until one or other won a hole. Again, as at the eighteenth, it looked as if Mr. Tait was done for, so badly did he draw his second. But again he came up well with his third, and holed in four, Rolland having a putt which did him all credit to hole for the half. At the second hole Mr. Tait missed his tee-shot and suffered beyond even his powers of recovery. Wherefore Rolland, who played the hole perfectly, won it with a stroke to spare and so won the match. Mr. Tait had hard luck in the matter of stymies, nevertheless there was a certain element of good luck, as there was certainly a large element of great pluck, in his gallant recoveries. It is a difficult style of golf to play against, and Rolland deserves every credit for the fear-

less way in which he holed two putts of the doubtful length after Mr. Tait had secured the first half with two successive steals. Indeed, Rolland's play, after fortune had stood his friend in giving him that most useful stimy at the seventeenth, was such as to give her full justification for her favours to him: it was perfection itself at a time of great stress.

The final tie did not present any interest equal to that of this semi-final. Taylor was not at his best. He had been keeping up a wonderfully accurate game for several days together, and now the edge was just a little off it. He followed Rolland into the bunker in approaching the first hole, and, playing throughout with less concentration than is his wont, was beaten, fairly easily, by a couple of holes. So Rolland won this competition after some gallant fighting, and afterwards there was an open scoring competition for money prizes over the Cinque Ports Club's links at Deal. This was won by Herd, and the result of the three contests,—for the championship, for the tournament prize, and for these prizes at Deal—shows how wonderfully clear-sighted was the prophecy ascribed (whether truly or falsely) to Rolland, that the championship would be won by one of three men, Taylor, Herd, or himself.

This great meeting at Sandwich was the event of paramount interest in the year, and next to it in general interest one may reckon the amateur championship meeting, which also fell to be played in England, namely, on the Royal Liverpool Club's links at Hoylake. Mr. Peter Anderson was the champion of 1893, having won the honour at Prestwick, where he beat Mr. Laidlay in the final by a single hole, and so broke the select circle of those who have hitherto held the amateur championship. This year, with Hoylake for the arena, it seemed only too likely that Mr. Ball, on his native links, would once again be victorious. It is true that Hoylake is also the native

heath of Mr. Hilton, and that Mr. Hilton has again and again beaten Mr. Ball; but this has generally been in scoring competitions, and it would seem that Mr. Hilton is at his best in score-play, and that he is a less dangerous opponent in a match. Mr. Tait, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Mure Fergusson, and many strong players were also in the field. But in a competition by tournament much depends upon the fortune of the draw, and, as it happened, Mr. Ball was much favoured by it. It is only fair to add that it is perhaps the first amateur championship in which this luck has befallen him. On the earlier days of the week in which the greater contest was decided, the members of the Royal Liverpool Club were busy over their two spring medals. Mr. Tait, not being a member, took no part in these contests. On the first day Mr. Horace Hutchinson won the medal, and on the second day Mr. Laidlay was the victor. It was then that prophets began to draw their auguries from the past: on the last occasion that the amateur championship had been played at Hoylake Mr. Hutchinson had won one of the medals, Mr. Laidlay the other, and Mr. Ball had won the championship. If history repeated itself accurately Mr. Ball would be the winner of this year's championship also. And so the event proved. Mr. Ball went through his earlier ties with little trouble. He had no heavy opposition until he met Mr. Laidlay in the semi-final; and even here he caught Mr. Laidlay much below his best and found him an easy victim. In the final he then had to meet Mr. Mure Fergusson. Mr. Fergusson, also, had been so far favoured by the draw as to have a bye in each of the first two heats, but afterwards he had some hard fighting to do. He met Mr. Dick, and this match, though it attracted no great attention, produced some of the finest golf of the whole contest. Mr. Dick was defeated, though his approximated score



for the round would have brought him home in a stroke under eighty. Next Mr. Fergusson had to meet Mr. Tait. Mr. Tait had had a very hard tussle the day before with Mr. Hutchinson, whom he had beaten only at the nineteenth hole, owing his victory to that power of recovering himself, after a stroke which seemed as if it must have given the hole away, that so nearly pulled him through his later match at Sandwich with Rolland. But Mr. Tait was not in his best form against Mr. Fergusson, and the latter, finishing very strongly, defeated him with a hole to play. In the final tie, despite the continuous rain, there was so large a gallery of spectators that the players had to drive down a living lane of humanity. It is not a condition of affairs which favours the very best golf; nevertheless Mr. Ball, less affected than his opponent by the surroundings, won four holes quickly. Then Mr. Fergusson, by determined steady play, wore down this big disadvantage and drew level with his opponent with two holes to play. It is true that in winning back these holes Mr. Fergusson had done nothing of an extraordinary kind, but all praise is due to him for having gone on the even tenor of his sound strong game with such odds against him. At the same time Mr. Ball ought not to have let all his advantage slip, though four holes up so early in the round is apt to be rather an unsteady start. With but two holes to play, and the match all even, he roused himself, and by a gallant shot, which will live in the memory of those who saw it, carried the bunker before the seventeenth hole in two, and so won the hole from Mr. Fergusson who had played his second short. The last hole was halved in a faultless four, and Mr. Ball became winner of the amateur championship for the fourth time.

It will be seen that Mr. Tait, though he won a certain share of glory at Hoylake and yet greater honour at

Sandwich, did not bring himself in winner of any of the great events in the south. At St. Andrews, his native links, on the other hand, his progress in every competition was a perpetual triumph. He won the spring medal of the club in a very fine score of eighty, a score on which, fine as it was, Mr. Mure Fergusson had defeated him by a stroke for the autumn medal of 1893. Mr. Fergusson's score of seventy-nine on that occasion was the highest recorded in the contests for the St. Andrew's medal; Mr. Edward Blackwell having previously held that honour with eighty-two. But in the autumn meeting this year Mr. Tait beat them both with seventy-eight, while Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville tied, only two strokes behind him, at eighty. The entry for the medal was the largest yet known, the last couples scarcely finishing by daylight. The appearance of Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his capacity of captain of the club, attracted many to see him strike off the first ball at the abnormally early hour of nine o'clock. Few captains have made so good a first drive as Mr. Balfour's on that anxious occasion; and the great improvement made by him in his game is a notable point in the retrospect of the year's golf. Among other successes he won the Parliamentary Tournament at Furzedown with a relatively small handicap.

Besides winning these scratch medals of the club, and the medal for the aggregate score at the spring and autumn meetings, Mr. Tait also won, starting from behind scratch, the Calcutta Cup, a handicap challenge prize annually competed for by tournament over the St. Andrews links. In addition to this he lowered the record of the Carnoustie links, though they have been the playground of the Simpson family and of many other fine golfers for years. He has played matches with varied success, though holding his own finely all the while, with such professionals as Hugh Kirkaldy and Auchterlonie, and has made

for himself the reputation of being one of the finest, if not actually the very finest, amateur player in the world. The question of relative merit, however, is one on which it would need a very bold man to dogmatise. Mr. Ball, amateur champion though he be, has perhaps not been quite at his very best, taking the year through. He won the Irish championship with tolerable ease, the only opponent who gave him serious trouble being Mr. Taylor of Edinburgh; but the competition was not, as a rule, severe enough to put Mr. Ball on his mettle. On the other hand he beat Hugh Kirkaldy, after a close fight, at the end of the Irish championship week; but one may doubt whether Kirkaldy is quite so good as he was when he won the open championship some years since. That Mr. Ball is still capable of spurts of very brilliant play none can question. His scores of seventy-six and seventy-four in two consecutive rounds of Hoylake, the latter being the best ever made on the green, are ample testimony to this. He still has that power of getting the ball away with the brassy for the second stroke in a manner which no man, not even Rolland, can quite equal. Rolland will drive it as far, but with less command. On the other hand Rolland will out-drive him from the tee, and so will Mr. Tait. Mr. Edward Blackwell, longest of all, is far away. But Mr. Tait's cleek is a fearful weapon for the second stroke, and his putting is better than Mr. Ball's. On St. Andrews, probably, Mr. Tait would beat him: on Hoylake things might be reversed; but on a neutral green,—well, one had better “wait and see” before one prophesies even of the probabilities. Mr. Hilton has shown many times that he maintains his great power in score-play, but his qualities as a match-player are not yet so great. It is one of Mr. Tait's best gifts to be able to play either kind of game impartially. Mr. Laidlay has played fine golf through-

out the year, but has scarcely maintained the game which in 1893 put him second both in the open and the amateur championships,—an unlucky second, rather, in each instance. With the turn of the luck in his favour he might have been first in either competition, or in both.

Of match playing in 1894 the chief interest has centred in Rolland's encounters with Taylor and with Park, and in Sayers' match with Andrew Kirkaldy. Rolland's record since he took up golf as a professional has been quite wonderful both in matches and score competitions. Some admirer claimed for him, in public print, that he had not lost a match since he was thirteen,—or for thirteen years, it does not much matter which. Immediately afterwards Taylor beat him in a two-round match at Mitcham. In the meantime he had a challenge outstanding to play any man in the world at Sandwich for fifty pounds a side. Park, who is always plucky, took him up, and made a good fight of it. But he was not on his best driving, and Rolland had the better of him throughout. On the middle day of the Sandwich meeting, while Mr. Hilton was winning the St. George's Challenge Vase, Rolland journeyed to Folkestone to play a match against Lloyd, the resident professional at Pau. Rather to the surprise of the general, Lloyd defeated him by a single hole. Lloyd is a very fine player and a magnificent driver, whom one would be glad to see more often on English links. He got into sad trouble in his first round for the championship at Sandwich, but his subsequent rounds were all excellent. Later in the year Andrew Kirkaldy issued a challenge to play any man a home and home match over Scottish links,—a condition which virtually, and prudently, excluded Taylor and Rolland. Bernard Sayers accepted the challenge, and secured a big lead of six holes on the first half of the match, which was played on his home links of North Berwick. It is a course on which

intimate local knowledge is peculiarly valuable. By the end of the first round at St. Andrews he had lost all these vantage holes but one; but in the final round he played with rare pluck, and though consistently out-driven, showed so fine a game with his mashie and putter, that he won a wonderfully close and well-played match by two at the last hole.

As the result of the year's play there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that Taylor is the best golfer that ever handled a club. The remarkable ease and accuracy of his driving, and the deadliness of his approach with the mashie, are the features of his game. He plays his mashie shots with a very dead loft, and, unless the putting-green be peculiarly smooth, prefers that club to the putter until he is within a very few yards of the hole. He has also a very long approach shot, with a half swing, with the iron, which he plays with great strength and accuracy.

After the championship meeting the paper which devotes itself exclusively to the game of golf invited answers from the leading amateurs and professionals to the question whether it were desirable that the stimy should be abolished in important matches. The balance of opinion seems slightly to favour

its abolition; but it is particularly to be noted that whereas the amateurs, almost without exception, wish to do away with it, the professionals, with almost equal unanimity, desire to retain it. "Old Tom" Morris, however, the Nestor of the professionals, is, and long has been, a strong advocate for its abolition.

This year, for the first time, America seems to have really awakened to a lively interest in golf. In the midst of the financial troubles in the States it is notable that the club at Newport should be reported to be spending thirty thousand pounds (not dollars) on its links and club-house. Many other clubs also have been founded in the States, and an American amateur championship competition has been instituted. A similar annual competition has ceased to be a novelty in Australia and in New Zealand, and there is also a lady champion of the Antipodes.

In England, Lady Margaret Scott repeated, at Littlestone, her triumph of the previous year at Lytham St. Anne's, by defeating, with sufficient ease, all who entered the championship lists against her. With this last word, which, if golfers were a more gallant race, should properly have been the first, the retrospect of the year's play appears, so far as it goes, complete.

## OUR NEW TREATY WITH JAPAN.

### (THE CONSULAR JURISDICTION.)

THE announcement made in Parliament that the present Government has concluded a treaty with Japan, providing for the subjection of British subjects to the jurisdiction of Japanese tribunals, has hardly evoked in England the amount of attention it deserves. It is probable, however, that before 1899, the date fixed for the treaty to come into operation, the matter will be more maturely considered.

The published correspondence between the Foreign Office and the China Association and Chambers of Commerce draws attention to the gravity of the step proposed to be taken; while the latest advices from Japan show that the indignation with which the treaty was received by the entire European colony on its first announcement in September, has continued to increase.<sup>1</sup> At home, however, up to the present it has not been seen that a step of the most momentous character has been taken; one to be compared in kind (but of vastly greater importance) to the attempted admission of Turkey to the Concert of Europe by the cosmopolitan framers of the Declaration of Paris in 1856. For the first time in the history of the European Law of Nations is it seriously contemplated by a civilised European Government to subject its citizens to the control of Orientals. The British communities in Japan are of course those most immediately affected; but all European residents view the pros-

pect with dismay. As is stated in the aforesaid correspondence, the point on which the keenest interest is felt is that of the extra-territorial jurisdiction. When it was understood, two years ago, that the negotiations which were then pending contemplated the surrender of that privilege, the foreign residents in Japan unanimously protested against the change. From every point of view, therefore, the circumstances appear to suggest reason for pause before surrendering a position to which those residents in the East who are most affected cling with earnest purpose, and which has ulterior advantages of wide political importance.

The defence put forward by the Government in favour of the new treaty appears to be singularly inconclusive. In the first place, it is averred that "the principle of the eventual surrender of extra-territorial jurisdiction has been for many years conceded"; in the next, "Government do not believe that in any future state of war the property and interests of Her Majesty's subjects will be prejudiced by the altered relations between the Settlements and the Japanese Government." As regards the first ground of excuse, it is a matter of common knowledge that the concession made by other Governments of European civilisation, the indeterminate promise to surrender the Consular jurisdiction at some future unspecified date, was only a sop to the imitative diplomacy of Japan. No one took it seriously, referring as it did to some distant and practically unapproachable epoch. The exact value of such polite hope may be gauged from consideration of the fact

<sup>1</sup> THE JAPAN HERALD of the 2nd of September describes the manner in which the news was received by European residents, and expresses astonishment at the "want of knowledge shown by those who negotiated the treaty on behalf of England, and their shameful sacrifice of British interests."

that in 1883 the United States actually engaged to subject American citizens to the jurisdiction of Korean tribunals, bodies not yet in existence, if at some unspecified date it should be thought safe to do so. It is really taking an undue advantage of our ignorance of Oriental politics to endeavour to represent such compliments as ever having been seriously meant. The very attitude of the United States in relation to the late treaty is sufficiently instructive. They seem on many occasions called on to testify to a purely Platonic adherence to cosmopolitan fallacies of the equality of all men which are somewhat unnecessarily identified with democratic ideals of government; but they take care not to transmute these theories into practice. Recent telegrams from Washington announced that there is no prospect of the United States agreeing to any abolition of the extra-territorial jurisdiction so far as American citizens are concerned. The reason is that "Western Senators have been apprehensive of an invasion of Japanese coolies, involving questions as grave as the Chinese labour-problem, and Japan and the United States have not yet been able to arrange satisfactory terms." It may be safely predicted that the reign of cosmopolitan fallacies is more likely to come to an end, than any subjection of their citizens to Japanese judges to be allowed by the American Government.

The truth as to these Platonic professions has been more diplomatically put. We are told that "the other European Governments demanded from Japan safeguards more stringent than Japan was disposed to give, and hence these treaties have never reached maturity." A word as to these safeguards presently; meanwhile it is to be noted that the British citizen is to be the *corpus vile* for experiment.

The second reply of the Government is altogether irrelevant. The question is not of the prejudice to British

citizens during war, but during peace. The literal truth is that, if subjected to Japanese officials, European life loses its sole safeguard, that of the Consular Jurisdiction, and Europeans will leave Japan; the very result aimed at by Japanese diplomacy. The exclusion of Europeans is the one point on which Japanese and Chinese diplomatists are agreed, notwithstanding their mutual jealousies now culminating in war. They believe that unless Europeans are excluded, the downfall of the rule of the Mikado in Japan and of the Tartar Emperors in China, must ensue sooner or later. Hence the Japanese and Chinese war on that extra-territorial Consular Jurisdiction, which alone renders the Far East habitable by Europeans. Europeans in the East know this fact perfectly well; and they, above all others, can appraise at its real value the Japanese assumption of European manners, and the Japanese adoption of European Codes, Courts of Justice, and Legislative Assemblies. They know that it is not the letter of the law or the text of the codes that is in question; it is the application of the law to Europeans by Orientals desirous of excluding the foreigner. In a word, the permanence of the European foothold in the East, with all its dependent fulfilment of the civilising destiny of the European race, is bound up with the retention of the Consular Jurisdiction, with the maintenance of the shield of extraterritoriality over all those citizens of the great European Commonwealth who live beyond the pale of European civilisation.

From a purely British standpoint much might be said as to the inexpediency of subjecting our citizens to the penalties, commercial as well as personal, sure to follow their being placed in a position inferior to that of other Europeans. It must mean that trade now in British hands will be transferred to American, French, or German agencies. But obvious and forcible though this consideration must be, it is not one to dwell on, for

this all sufficient reason, that the true policy of Europeans in the East is one of solidarity. We should rather dwell on the consideration that the position of all Europeans has been shaken by this stroke of Japanese diplomacy. For this is the first occasion on which Oriental diplomacy has triumphed in its long war on the Consular Jurisdiction. It has triumphed (let it be hoped only for a brief space) through the Japanese having relied with well founded confidence on the prevalence among Europeans, more especially among the British section of Europeans, of cosmopolitan fallacies of the equality of men and of the universal probity of judges, fallacies due to many sources, political, religious, and juristic. With a view to tracing the unity of purpose which has formed its most marked feature, it will be instructive to glance briefly at the history of the Oriental agitation against the extra-territorial jurisdiction of European consuls.

The Oriental agitation against this jurisdiction began in Egypt in 1869 under the rule of the Khedive Ismail. It was put an end to there in 1875 by the establishment of the Mixed Tribunals, representing all nationalities, which now administer justice with complete success. Warned by the result of the Egyptian agitation, Japanese and Chinese diplomatists have taken care not to ask for the establishment of such tribunals. Here lies the significance of the safeguards demanded by European Governments and refused by the Japanese. Mixed Tribunals administer justice, and justice is the very thing that Europeans are not intended to get. Consequently, the demand has been for the abrogation of the Consular Tribunals and the subjection of Europeans to Oriental officials without the interposition of any safeguards.

In 1875 the Institut de Droit

International appointed a Commission to consider the whole question of Consular Jurisdiction. After some inquiry it was unanimously agreed that the abolition of the jurisdiction could not be seriously entertained, and the Commission proceeded to consider what reforms might usefully be introduced. The special reports of the jurists, of world-wide reputation, who carried out the task imposed by the Institut are remarkable for the overwhelming mass of evidence which they adduce as to the necessity of maintaining the shield of extraterritoriality over Europeans in the Far East. Even the most advanced cosmopolitans, such as the late David Dudley Field and J. Hornung of Geneva, suggested nothing more than the establishment of Mixed Tribunals. The reports of jurists of such eminence as Professors F. de Martens of St. Petersburg, Arntz of Brussels, and Neumann of Vienna, presented in 1880, agree in this respect. Among other conclusive demonstrations of the necessity of the extra-territorial jurisdiction the writings of M. Pradier-Fodéré (1869), of Dr. A. Krauel, German Consul at Shanghai (1877), of M. Feraud Giraud (1890), may be enumerated. Specially to be noted are the writings of Sir Travers Twiss (1883 and 1893), conclusively disposing of the contentions of the Japanese diplomatists.

That a step contrary to the judgment of the highest authorities on International Law, and against the unanimous judgment of all Europeans qualified by their residence in the East to form a sound opinion, should have been lightly consented to by the present Government proves the necessity of forming an instructed body of home opinion on foreign policy and International Law. Fortunately there is yet time for such opinion to make itself felt.

M. J. FARRELLY.



## THE WEST INDIAN REBELLION.

## II.—JAMAICA.

WHILE the British Antilles to windward were, in the spring of 1795, almost without exception in the full blaze of revolt, there was one island far to leeward which seemed likely to escape unscorched. This was remarkable; for Jamaica, the island in question, was not only the largest and richest of the British possessions, but from its proximity to St. Domingo had become a shelter for several hundred refugees, white and coloured, who had fled from that unhappy country. It could hardly be that among these, many of them known to be bad characters, there were not some who were prepared to foment rebellion among the Jamaican negroes; and when, in April, an attempt was made to burn the town of Kingston, there were strong suspicions that this was the work of French agents. Still, on the whole, Jamaica remained quiet, so quiet that the British Government did not hesitate to draw upon its feeble garrison for reinforcements for St. Domingo, where the regiments were so far reduced by sickness that seven of them together could barely muster five hundred men fit for duty. His Excellency Lord Balcarres, it is true, felt uneasy over such a position; and, as he could not hinder the withdrawal of the troops, resolved at any rate to check the influx of French refugees. But his fears were not shared by the white planters, who remained throughout careless and supine, in the assurance that, whatever might happen in other islands, Jamaica at any rate was safe. So matters drifted on till July 1795, when one day the news came that the Maroons in Trelawny District, one hundred miles to leeward of Kingston, were in open insurrection; and Jamaica

woke to the unpleasant fact that she too must face internal war.

But first I must say a word about these same Maroons and their past history. When, in the year 1658, the English under Colonel Doyly finally drove the Spaniards from Jamaica, the slaves of these Spaniards fled to the mountains; and there for some years they lived by the massacre and plunder of the British settlers. They seem to have scattered themselves over a large extent of country, and to have kept themselves in at least two distinct bodies, those in the north holding no communication with those in the south. These latter in the district of Clarendon, being disagreeably near the seat of government, the British authorities contrived to conciliate and disperse; but their fastnesses had not long been deserted by the Maroons when they were occupied (1690) by a band of revolted slaves. These soon became extremely formidable and troublesome, their ravages compelling the planters to convert every estate-building into a fortress; and at last the burden of this brigandage became so insupportable that the Government determined to put it down with a strong hand.

At the outset the attacks of the English on these marauding gangs were tolerably successful, but not for long. A man of genius arose from among these revolted slaves, one Cudjoe by name, by whose efforts the various wandering bands were welded into a single body, organised on a *quasi*-military footing and made twice as formidable as before. Nor was this all. The Maroons of the north, who from the beginning had never left their strongholds nor ceased their depredations, heard the fame of Cudjoe,

and enlisted in large numbers under his banner. Yet another tribe of negroes, distinct in race from both the others, likewise flocked to him; and the whole mass thus united by his genius grew about the year 1730 to be comprehended, though inaccurately, by the English under the name of Maroons (hog-hunters). Cudjoe now introduced a very skilful and successful system of warfare which became traditional among all Maroon chiefs. The grand object was to take up a central position in a cockpit, that is a glen enclosed by perpendicular rocks and accessible only through a narrow defile. A chain of such cockpits runs through the mountains from east to west, communicating by more or less practicable passes one with another. Rows of them run also in parallel lines from north to south, but the sides are so steep as to be impassable to any but a Maroon. Such were the natural fortresses of these black mountaineers, in a country known to none but themselves. To preserve communication they had contrived a system of horn-signals so perfect that there was a distinct call by which every individual man could be hailed and summoned. The outlets from these cockpits were so few that the white men could always find a well-beaten track which led them to the mouth of a defile, but beyond the mouth no white man might go. A deep fissure from two to eight hundred yards long, and impassable to men except in single file, was easily guarded. Warned by the horns of their scouts that an enemy was approaching, the Maroons hid themselves in ambush behind rocks and trees, selected each his man, shot him down, and then vanished to some fresh position. Turn whither he might the unlucky pursuer was met always by a fresh volley from an invisible foe, which never fired in vain.

Nevertheless the white men were sufficiently persistent in their pursuit of Cudjoe to force him to abandon the Clarendon district; but thereby they

only made matters worse, inasmuch as they drove him to an impregnable fastness in the Trelawny district further to the west, whence there was no hope of dislodging him. This cockpit contained seven acres of fertile land and a spring of water; its entrance was a defile half a mile long, its rear was barred by a succession of other cockpits, its flanks protected by lofty precipices. Here Cudjoe made his headquarters and laughed at the white men. The Maroons lived in indolent savagery while their provisions lasted, and in active brigandage when their wants forced them to plunder. They were fond of blood and barbarity, as is the nature of savages, and never spared a prisoner, black or white. After nine or ten years of successful warfare, Cudjoe fairly compelled the English to make terms with him; and accordingly in the year 1738 a solemn treaty was concluded between Captains Cudjoe, Johnny, Accompong, Cuffee, Quaco, and the Maroons of Trelawny town on the one part, and George the Second by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of Jamaica Lord, on the other. The terms of the treaty granted the Maroons amnesty, fifteen hundred acres of land and certain hunting-rights, together with absolute freedom, independence, and self-government among themselves; the jurisdiction of the chiefs being limited only in respect of the penalty of death, and of disputes in which a white man was concerned. On their part the Maroons undertook to give up runaway slaves, to aid the King against all enemies domestic and foreign, and to admit two white residents to live with them perpetually. A similar treaty was concluded with another body of Maroons that had not followed Cudjoe to Trelawny from the windward end of the island; and thus the Maroon question for the present was settled.

From 1738 till 1795 the Maroons gave little or no trouble. They remained dispersed in five settlements,

three of them to windward, but the two of most importance to leeward, in Trelawny district. They lived in a state midway between civilisation and barbarism, retaining the religion (a religion without worship or ceremony) which their fathers had brought from Africa, cultivating their provision grounds regularly, if in rather a primitive style, breeding horses, cattle, and fowls, hunting wild swine and fugitive slaves, and conducting themselves generally in a harmless and not unprofitable fashion. Their vices were those of the white man, drinking and gambling, which of course gave rise to quarrels; but they were ruled with a strong hand by their chiefs and kept well within bounds. Owing to the climate in which they lived, some thousands of feet above the sea, and the free active life which they led, they were a splendid race, tall and muscular, and physically far superior to the negro slaves, whom from this cause, not less than from pride in their own freedom, they greatly despised. Moreover the fact that they were employed to hunt down runaway slaves helped greatly to make them friendly to the white men and hostile to the black. In fact they held an untenable position, being bound to the English by treaty, and fellow-combatants with them both against insurgent negroes as in 1760, and white invaders as in 1779-80, and yet linked by affinity of race and colour to the very negroes whom they helped to keep in servitude. Meanwhile they grew rapidly in numbers and consideration. Certain restrictions, to which they had been subjected by Acts of the Jamaica Assembly at the time of the treaty, fell into disuse and became a dead letter. They began to leave their own district and wander at large about the plantations, making love to the female slaves, becoming fathers of many children by them, and thus gradually breaking down the barrier between themselves and their fellows in colour. Simultaneously their internal discipline became seriously relaxed. Cudjoe

and his immediate successors had ruled them with a rod of iron; but at a distance of two generations the authority of the chiefs, though they still bore the titles of colonel and captain, had sunk to a mere name. For a time the colonel's power in Trelawny was transferred to one of the white residents, a Major James, who had been brought up among the Maroons, could beat the best of them at their feats of activity and skill, and was considered to be almost one of themselves. Of great physical strength and utterly fearless he would interpose in the thick of a Maroon quarrel, heedless of the whirling cutlasses, knock down those that withstood him, and clap the rebellious in irons without a moment's hesitation. Naturally so strong a man was a great favourite with the Maroons; and while he remained among them he kept them well in hand. But it so happened that James succeeded to the possession of an estate which obliged him to spend most of his time away from the Maroon town; and as a resident who does not reside could be satisfactory neither to his subjects at Trelawny nor his masters at Kingston, he was deprived of his post. He rather unreasonably felt himself much aggrieved by the Government in consequence; and the Maroons who had been annoyed at his former neglect became positively angry at his involuntary removal. In plain truth, the Maroons through indiscipline had got what is called "above themselves," and were ripe for any mischief.

It was not long before matters came to a crisis. The new resident appointed in place of James, though in character irreproachable, was not a man to dominate the Maroons by personal ascendancy and courage. A trifling dispute sprang up in the middle of July 1795; the Trelawny Maroons drove him from the town, and on the 18th sent a message to the magistrates to say that they desired nothing but battle; and that if the white men could not come to them

and make terms, then they would come down to the white men. With that they called in all their people, and sent the women into the bush; it was even reported that they proposed to kill their cattle and also such of their children as were likely to prove an encumbrance to them.

Lord Balcarras was not a little troubled by this news. At ordinary times it might have been politic to temporise and conciliate; but now that the greater number of the islands were aflame such policy seemed impossible. Here, in insurrection, was a race of black men which had successfully resisted the white settlers two generations before, and now held an independent position in virtue of a solemn treaty. The bare existence of such a community was a standing menace at such a time. There was evidence that French agents were at work in Jamaica; and it was remarkable that just at this time the negroes on nine plantations, where the managers were known to be men of unusual clemency, showed symptoms of unrest and discontent. It is evident from Balcarras' despatches that he had negro insurrection, so to speak, on the brain, and it is certain that he was ambitious of military glory; but he cannot be blamed at such a time for acting forcibly and swiftly. For a fortnight endeavours were made to smooth matters over, and with some slight success, for six of the chiefs surrendered. But the main body still held aloof; and Balcarras without further ado proclaimed martial law, and obtained information as to every path and track that led into the Maroon district. His plan was to seize these and so blockade the whole tract, though he admits that it would be a difficult manœuvre to do so effectually "on a circle of forty square miles of the most difficult and mountainous country in the universe." On the 9th of August the preparations were complete and the passes were seized; whereupon thirty-eight of the older and less warlike Maroons surrendered,

and were carried away under a guard to be kept in strict confinement. Seeing this the remainder at once set fire to their towns (the Old and the New Towns, as two groups of shanties, less than a mile apart, were named), an action which was not misinterpreted as a "signal of inveterate violence and hostility." It was clear that the matter would have to be fought out.

The force at Balcarras' disposal was not great. The garrison consisted of the Sixteenth and Sixty-Second Foot, both so weak as to contain but one hundred and fifty men apiece fit for duty, and the Twentieth or Jamaica Light Dragoons. But it so fell out that just at this time fragments of reinforcements designed for St. Domingo arrived, some by design and some admittedly by accident, at Port Royal, namely, portions of the Eighty-Third Foot, and of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Light Dragoons. Besides these there was the local Militia, including several major-generals. The Maroons of Trelawny numbered some six hundred and sixty men, women, and children; and there were at least as many more in the other Maroon settlements, which, though they never rose, were greatly distrusted by the Governor. Balcarras' dispositions were soon made. Colonel Sandford with one hundred and thirty men of the Eighteenth and Twentieth Dragoons covered one outlet from Trelawny to the north, Colonel Hull with one hundred and seventy of the Sixty-Second Foot and Seventeenth Dragoons another; Colonel Walpole with one hundred and fifty of the Thirteenth Dragoons barred one approach to the south, and Balcarras himself with the Eighty-Third took post to the southwest, opposite to the Old Town.

On the 12th of August the Maroons attacked a post of Militia killing and wounding a few of them; and on the same day Balcarras ordered Sandford to attack and carry the New Town from his side, and there halt and cut

off the retreat of the Maroons, while he himself attacked the Old Town from the other side. Off started Sandford accordingly with forty-five mounted dragoons of the Eighteenth, a body of Militia, and a number of volunteers, "men of property in the country and all generals;" the whole body, in spite of the difficulty and steepness of the ground, as full as possible of ardour. The Maroons on their approach quietly evacuated the site of the New Town, and withdrew into a deep defile leading to the Old Town, three quarters of a mile distant. Presently up came Sandford, and to his great joy carried the New Town unopposed; whereupon, flushed by his success into disobedience of Balcarres' orders, he started off with the dragoons and volunteers to take the Old Town, hurrying on at such a pace that the Militia could not keep up with them. Thus hastening into the trap laid for him he entered the defile. The column filled half of it and had passed two-thirds of the way through, when a tremendous volley was poured into its whole length. Not a Maroon was to be seen; and the column pressed on. A second volley followed and Sandford fell dead; and then the column began to run. The officer commanding the Eighteenth seeing that retreat through the defile would be fatal, dashed straight forward at a small party of Maroons that he saw in front of him, broke through them, and galloping headlong through the breakneck country before him led his detachment safely to Balcarres. Two officers and thirty-five men were killed, and many wounded in this little affair; and the force was so far demoralised that the Militia evacuated the New Town and retired. That night (though Balcarres knew it not) every Maroon warrior got egregiously drunk; so drunk that sixty of them had not recovered by the following afternoon and had to be carried by the women into the cockpit.

Balcarres was greatly mortified by this failure, the more so as the

Maroons, disliking the insecurity of the towns, now withdrew in a body to the cockpits, leaving only an outpost outside. Balcarres hurried up fresh Militia and stores, the conveyance of the latter from the difficulty of the country proving to be a frightful task. Under the impression that the Maroons still held the Old Town he advanced against it once more on the 23rd of August, in three columns of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men apiece. The columns marched at daybreak in profound silence, and duly captured the town, as Balcarres fondly prided himself, by surprise; the real fact being that the Maroon sentries simply fired a few alarm shots, brought down three men, and quietly retired to the cockpit. Balcarres at once established a post on the site of the New Town, occupied every approach, and set about destroying the Maroon provision grounds, in the hope of cooping the rebels up and starving them out. He might as well have tried to pen a swarm of mosquitoes in a bird-cage. The Maroons quietly passed out and burned or plundered an estate six miles on the other side of Balcarres' headquarters.

At the end of August the rainy season set in, and operations became extremely difficult. Balcarres himself returned to the capital, leaving to Colonel Fitch the duty of completing the cordon round the Maroon district. Fresh difficulties began to crop up on every side. The principal white men to the south-west of Trelawny, from which side the Maroon towns were most easily approached, were relations of Major James, who took up his grievances warmly and laid themselves out to thwart the Governor. One of them, a local major-general, eighty years of age and recently married to a wife of twenty, became cantankerous because Balcarres gave the regular officer in command of the field-force local rank over his head. Another Militia major-general suddenly abandoned his operations, on the remarkable ground that he had

promised his wife to return to her in a week and had already been absent ten days. Balcarres half suspected these men of complicity with the Maroons; but he soon discovered that the ways of the planters were the same all over the island. The windward Maroons, though they had not joined those of Trelawny in revolt, were to Balcarres' mind behaving suspiciously; and he therefore summoned one tribe of them to come down to him. The tribe refusing, Balcarres laid a plan to surprise and capture them. The plan was well designed and ably executed; but at the supreme moment some country gentlemen assembled on the spot, formed themselves into a Council of War, voted the Maroons a quiet and innocent people, and ordered the troops to retire,—which they did. Luckily no harm,—perhaps rather good—came of these freaks on the windward side; but at the seat of war the ill-will of the planters was most disastrous. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the unhappy regular troops, exposed to most arduous service, could be kept supplied; and frequently they passed the whole day without a morsel to eat. To discourage them still more Colonel Fitch himself, their acting-general, was caught one day (September 12th) in an ambuscade and with one or two others shot dead.

The control of the operations was now entrusted by Balcarres to Colonel Walpole, who at once hurried to Trelawny with all speed. He found the troops sickly, ill-provided, dispirited, and harassed to death with the incessant duty. It was pretty clear that the idea of confining the Maroons by a cordon was an absurdity, and that the destruction of their provision grounds only drove them the more constantly afield to plunder and destroy. After five months of continuous hard work the British had lost two field-officers and seventy men killed in action alone, to say nothing of losses from sickness and fatigue;

twelve estate buildings had been burned, and not a single Maroon was known to have been killed so far. Walpole saw that this must be changed. The situation was becoming serious, for the negroes had begun to join the Maroons, and Balcarres could never feel sure that he might not be attacked any day by a French expedition. Walpole began by redistributing his posts so as to command the mouths of the cockpits, employing negroes to clear the bush from the approaches to them, as well as from the heights that commanded them. He then set to work to train some of his own troops in the tactics of Maroon warfare, the essence of which seems to have been that men should work together in pairs or groups, one man taking charge of the arms of another while climbing over difficult ground, and that above all they should take advantage of cover. It is rather remarkable that the corps which he selected for this service should have been a cavalry regiment, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, which for the time was serving dismounted.

Meanwhile Walpole did not disdain to take a leaf out of the Maroons' book in the matter of ambuscades, by means of which he succeeded one day in intercepting a Maroon foraging party, killing twenty of them, and cutting off one of their favourite forage-grounds. A week later, after he had given his mountaineer-dragoons some six weeks' training, he sent a small party of them along the right crest of the main cockpit, in order to see whether some other entrance to it might not be discovered. The party soon became hotly engaged with the Maroons, and both sides fired at each other for some time without doing much damage; until a sergeant of the Seventeenth, who was in charge of a small reserve of nine men, being called up in support, led his men straight into the mouth of the defile, where every one was of course shot down. But none the less the Maroons were



dismayed by this bold attack ; for hitherto they had been accustomed to lie hidden, while the white soldiers poured harmless volleys into the unresisting mountains. Still more dismayed were they when Walpole, having cleared the adjoining heights, contrived somehow to drag up a howitzer and began to drop shells into the cockpit. In a very short time they were forced out of it,—an important position, as containing a spring of water—and compelled to withdraw to the adjoining cockpit. Again the howitzer came into play, and drove them out once more. They then withdrew to a stupendous height, in order to be out of reach of the shells ; but a keen subaltern of the Seventeenth saw a woman go down to draw water, followed her unseen, and discovered the path that led to the height. By this path the Seventeenth advanced and drove out the Maroons, who retired down a very steep precipice to a third cockpit, where there was a natural supply of water. The dragoons occupied the abandoned height and the Sixty-Second entered the virgin fortress of Cudjoe. “Damn de little buckra,” said the Maroons of Walpole. “He more cunning dan toder (Balcarres).”

So far had Walpole advanced on the road to success. He had broken down the prestige of the cockpits completely, and had fully matured a plan for cutting off the Maroons, step by step, from all access to water. But during the dreary interval between Balcarres’ failure and Walpole’s success, the Assembly in sheer despair had accepted a novel suggestion made by a leading citizen, to borrow a few of the Spanish *chasseurs* retained in Cuba for the purpose of recovering fugitive slaves, and hunt the Maroons down, after the Spanish fashion, with hounds. In October the author of this brilliant idea sailed for Havanna, and on December 17th he returned, after not a few adventures, with forty-five *chasseurs* and a hundred and four hounds. These animals seem to have

been of uncertain breed but somewhat of the mastiff kind, with erect ears, very tough coats, and remarkably savage tempers. They worked in couples, in the leash, and were always accompanied by one or two smaller dogs of the keenest scent, who were used as “tufters” to discover the line which the big dogs were to follow. The men were as tough, wiry, and bloodthirsty as the hounds ; and the aspect of the huge creatures, flying fiercely at every man that they saw, and with difficulty restrained by the *chasseurs*, created a great sensation. To satisfy the Governor as to their usefulness three hounds were slipped unmuzzled at a steer. The unlucky beast was dead and half torn in pieces in less than two minutes. Such a sight wrought terror in every negro mind ; and Walpole, knowing that the Maroons stood in mortal dread of the hounds, seized the opportunity to offer them terms. On the 18th of December the Seventeenth Light Dragoons and a detachment of the Sixty-Second Foot under Colonel Hull advanced towards the Maroons and fell in with them strongly posted on a steep hillside. The English halted on the acclivity over against them, and the Maroons having fired first, the English of course replied. With some difficulty the fire was checked after a dozen of the enemy had fallen ; and the Maroons were then told that the Colonel would grant them peace. For a long time they hesitated to believe it, until a subaltern of the Seventeenth with great calmness and courage threw down his arms, and, coolly scrambling down to the valley below, invited the Maroons to come and shake hands. Then the Maroons took heart ; one of them came down and shook the subaltern’s hand, and it was agreed that hostilities should cease provided that neither force should advance. Still neither party trusted the other. In the valley was a well, over which the Maroons and English agreed each to post two sentries, in order that

neither side should have an unfair advantage; and then the two little armies lay on their arms, weary and worn and thirsty, to glare at each through the livelong night. After a time the Maroons, unable longer to endure the agony of thirst, begged that the English sentries might be withdrawn while they came down to drink, and engaged to withdraw their own in turn that the English too might drink. What a strange scene, this of the rival sentries over the spring in that savage wooded glen: on the one side the wild negro son of the mountains, his splendid athletic form barely concealed by his few foul rags; on the other the English dragoon, bronzed, lean, and haggard after months of thankless fighting, his blue jacket faded, his white facings soiled, but always a soldier, disciplined and erect! And what a triumph of discipline that the Englishman, with all the burden of a hot climate on his back, should have outstayed the native mountaineer in the deliberate endurance of thirst within sight of water.

Next morning a messenger was despatched to fetch Walpole, and four days later the Maroons agreed to beg His Majesty's pardon on their knees, and to settle on any lands that might be allotted to them; while Walpole by a secret article engaged that they should not be sent out of the island. From ignorance of the treaty a slight engagement took place between another body of the Trelawny Maroons and some Militia next day; but on the 28th Balcarres ratified the capitulation, and the war was over. The Maroons had engaged to come in in a body on the 1st of January 1796, but through some misunderstanding only a few presented themselves on that day; and Balcarres, always suspicious, ordered Walpole to advance again and take the Spaniards with him. The step was unnecessary, for the Maroons had no intention of playing him false. In abject fear they begged Walpole to halt, and came over to him to the

number of five hundred. The rest subsequently straggled in in small parties, but it was near the end of March before the whole of the Trelawny tribe had delivered itself up, the delay being due, as was said, to their apprehension that the Spanish hounds were in search of them. Their failure to present themselves on the appointed day cost them very dear; for it was construed as a breach of the treaty, and therefore as an excuse for cancelling the promise made by Walpole in the secret article. In vain Walpole protested; the Jamaica Assembly, now that it had got such troublesome folks into its hands, was determined to be quit of them for ever. So the Trelawny Maroons were transported to Nova Scotia, and thence in the year 1800 to their final home at Sierra Leone.

So ended the Maroon War, and none too soon; for the leaders, driven to desperation by Walpole's success in the cockpits, had made up their minds to rouse every black man in the island and sweep every white man out of it. The Jamaica Assembly voted Balcarres its thanks and seven hundred guineas for the purchase of a sword, which he joyfully accepted, for he was, as has been said, ambitious of military fame. He wrote high-flown despatches to England, talking of his "glory," and (the truth must out, for the malicious clerks of the Colonial Office filed the letter with the Jamaica records,) suggested that a red riband would be most acceptable to him. But Balcarres had gone too far. Worthy old George the Third was horrified at the bare idea that any of his subjects should be hunted down with Spanish hounds. That the said hounds should never have been employed was well, but that they should ever have been introduced into his dominions at all was shameful; and it was his command that "the whole race of these tremendous animals should forthwith be extirpated from Jamaica."

To Walpole likewise the Assembly voted five hundred guineas to buy

himself a sword ; but Walpole would have none of it. The Maroons had surrendered in reliance on his promise that they should not be moved from the island ; and that promise had, in spite of his protests, been violated. He was so deeply hurt at being thus perforce made a party to a breach of faith, that he not only declined the sword, but resigned his commission. So he went his way ; and thus the only man who had beaten the Maroons on their own ground retired sorrowfully to England. And the Seventeenth

Light Dragoons, the first white men who had ever entered the cockpits and the only white men ever dreaded by the Maroons, went their way likewise to San Domingo, whence not one in five of them ever returned. For those were the days when men drank to a bloody war and a sickly season, and a man's dimensions were studied as he stepped ashore with a view to the construction of his coffin. Death or life,—it was all one to the British soldier in the West Indies a hundred years ago.

J. W. FORTESCUE.